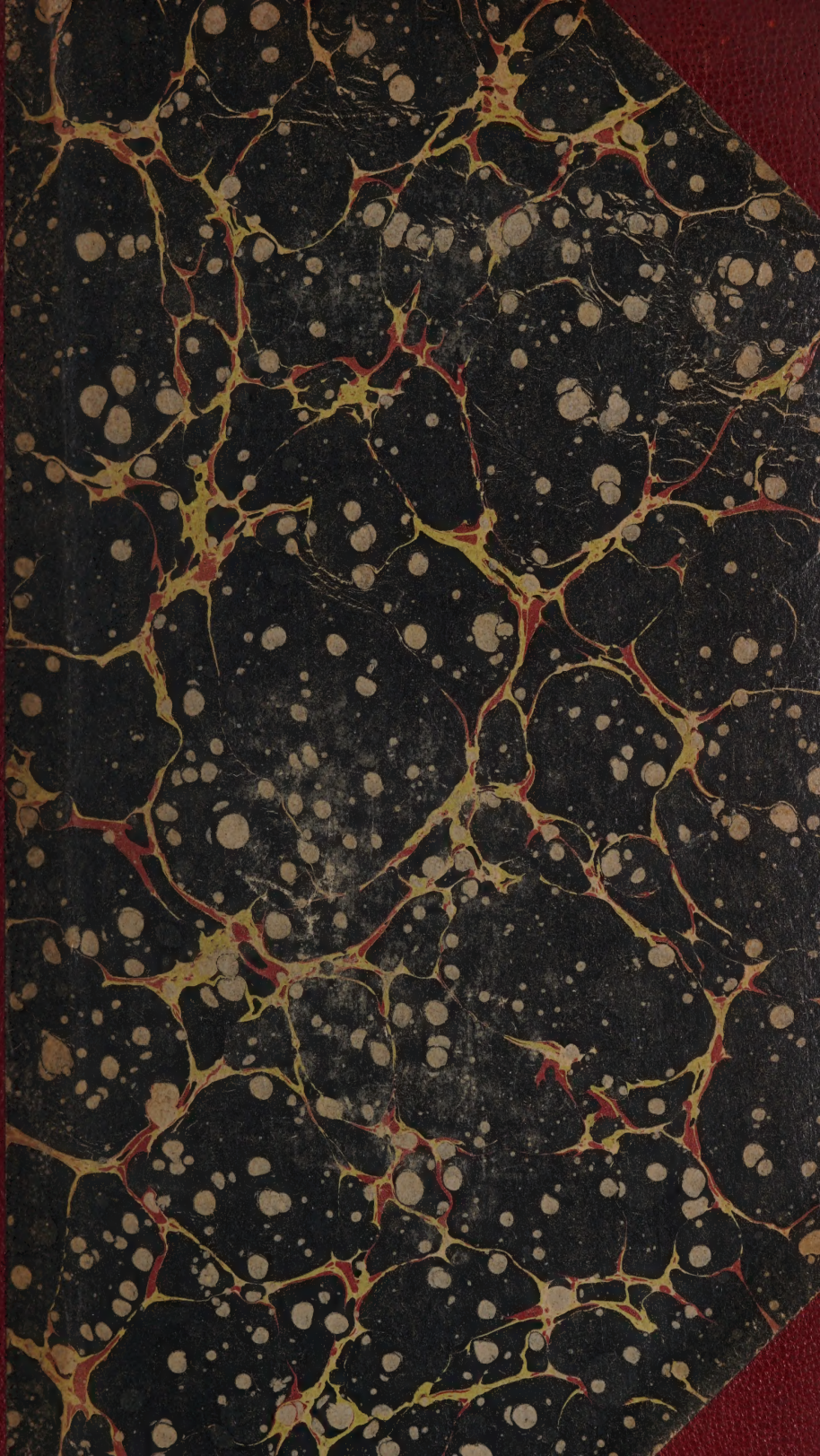

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TO HOLY MOTHER CHURCH.

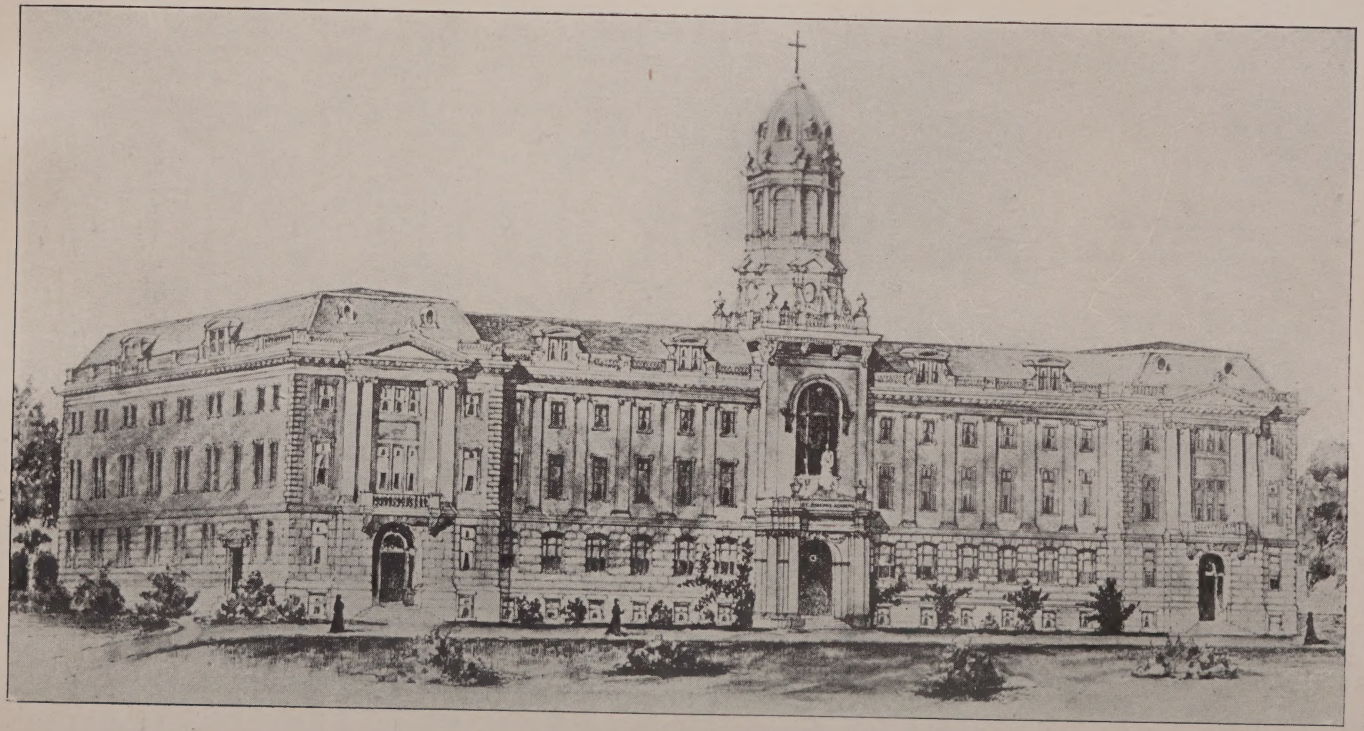
O Church of Christ, so old yet ever new,
And evermore the same. Thou holy Queen
That with the souls redeemed hath trusted been,
And with the truth hast helped men dare and do,
Nor proved a traitor to that holy trust,
But meekly, calmly hath the jewel worn
Upon thy heart, and ever humbly borne
With evil strife, to hurl it in the dust.

But some have wandered forth from thy sweet care—
Their souls in anguish, terror and despair;
Who, had they clung to thy divine embrace.
Might all their foes infernal calmly face.
O tender Mother!—heaven of pure rest,
Like babes we nestle to thy mother-breast,
Look up, confiding in thy mother-love,
Thou Bride of Christ, thou Gate of realms above.

For baffling anxious questions now no need,
Ours but to drink the draught of Life that's given,
Ours but to eat of Food that comes from heaven,
Ours to list humbly to thy sacred creed.
No need for fear, for doubt, for gropings blind,
Our God is God of Love—our Lord most kind,
Light's in the world for all who wish to find.

Alas, for those who found and threw away,
And in the race for life, forgot their God,
Set up their idols, in defilement trod,
And have not sought again the narrow way!
O Church of Christ! at thee men's threats are hurled;
But calmly till the doom of all the world
Naught shall prevail—not even "gates of hell"—
Thou Rock of Truth and Christ's Great Sentinel.

"CARMENELLA"
St. Joseph's Academy, Deering, Me.



St. Joseph's Academy, Deering, Maine.

The Resurrection

There are two events which must always have a special meaning for the Christian world,—the birth of Christ at Bethlehem, and His resurrection from the dead on Easter morn; the one essentially a feast of joy, the other one of glory untold, taking thereby precedence over all others celebrated by the Church during the course of the Ecclesiastical year.

Since that memorable morn, in the twilight of the early dawn, or as the beloved apostle say "While it was yet dark" The "Resurexit sicut dixit" has been the corner stone of the Catholic Church. On this truth so well proven, so incontestable, she bases all man's hopes and aspirations for future life. With the great Apostle of the Gentiles, she proclaims "If Christ be not risen then vain is our preaching, and your faith is also vain".— And concludes as did the same St. Paul, "But now Christ is risen from the dead and as in Adam all die so also in Christ all shall be made alive".

Not until Christ had established the indisputable fact that he had power over life and death by raising Himself from the gloom of that tomb in which he had been sealed by his enemies, did He undertake the formal establishing of His Church. Once He had burst the bonds of the tomb, He walks the earth again as of old, glorified and crowned with the laurels of a conqueror; He at once proceeds to organize His Church and to prepare His Apostles for their world wide mission. In the glorified light of His resurrection, all the other works and wonderful miracles of His past life at once assume a far different aspect in the minds of His apostles, so that for the future instead of associating them with the mere transitory glory of this world, they at once understood them as proclaiming all the power and glory of the risen Saviour. It is therefore with reason that the Christian adds to the joy of Christ's first coming to mankind on Christmas Eve, the glory of this His victory over death, His triumphant coming forth from the sepulchre, and thus makes this the feast of His resurrection, His greatest festival.

EASTER.

Like a meteor, large and bright,
Fell a golden seed of light
On the Field of Christmas night
When the Babe was born;
Then 't was sepulchred in gloom
Till above His holy tomb
Flashed its everlasting bloom—
Flower of Easter morn.

FATHER TABB.

Eastertide

The celebration of Easter and the week preceding called Holy Week dates back to Apostolic times. St. Polycarp tells how he celebrated the Pasch with his venerable master, the Apostle St. John. In 325 A. D. the Fathers at the Ecumenical Council of Nice decreed that Easter should be celebrated uniformly throughout Christendom, on the first Sunday after the full moon occurring after the vernal equinox, March 21. Should this date coincide with the Jewish Passover, Easter was to be transferred to the following Sunday; as a result the celebration of Easter falls within a limit of thirty-five days, extending from March 22, to April 25. With the changing of the Easter date, the whole Easter cycle, beginning with Septuagesima Sunday and closing with Whitsuntide, moves to and fro; from which circumstance is derived the term movable feasts, in contradiction to the Christmas cycle which is immovable, Christmas always occurring on December 25.

The season preparatory to Easter is Lent, in which is manifested the spirit of the Church of purifying and atonement in order to worthily celebrate the greatest feast of the year.

The preparation culminates in the ceremonies and observances of Holy Week, of which the principal days are Palm Sunday, Maundy Thursday, Good Friday, and Holy Saturday.

Palm Sunday derives its name from the fact that palms are blessed, distributed to the people, and borne in procession in memory of the triumphal entry of Christ into Jerusalem.

The tendency, so conspicuous in the Middle Ages, of being realistic in the ceremonial of the Church, is manifest in the procession of Palm Sunday in those olden times.

When, in the tenth century, the dramatization of the subject of the day's festival began to prevail, the ideas embodied in the celebration of Palm Sunday were clothed in this spirit of realism. The Rhemist translators of the New Testament touch upon it thus: "The Blessed Sacrament reverently carried, as it were Christ, upon the Ass, with strewing of bushes and flowers, bearing of Palms, setting out boughs, spreading and hanging up the richest clothes, etc., all done in a very goodly ceremony to the honor of Christ, and the memory of his triumph upon this day." The figure of Christ, was mounted on that of an ass carved of wood and painted, the entire structure set on rollers and forming a part of the procession. Twelve clerics preceded, followed by a number of attendants, strewing palm branches and singing aloud: "Hosanna Filio David!" From the

churches the ceremony was taken and used in the Mystery Plays. The great Oberammergau Passion Play opens with this scene as originally embodied in the ceremonial. When, on Palm Sunday, the service at the church was ended, the figure was led in procession about the town, all the people accompanying it, great and small, prince and peasant, as a demonstration of welcome to our Lord entering the town in triumph. On such as this, the King of France, Louis the Pious, while at Augers, took part in the popular demonstration. His cousin, Theodulf, Bishop of Orleans, suspected of treason, and others, sat imprisoned in the Augers tower. As the procession came by, the Bishop sang from the prison window in a stentorian voice, the antiphons composed by himself for the occasion, and since then adopted by the liturgy, "Gloria, laus et honor," etc. So pleased was the King with the magnificent religious composition that he immediately set the Bishop at liberty.

The procession was followed by Holy Mass. Before the Gospel of the Passion was sung. This dates from the eleventh century and is another outcome of the spirit of dramatization. A quaint description of this ceremony runs thus: "One comes forth in his alb and his long stole. This solemn Sire played Christ's part, then another company of singers, children and all sing the Jew's part, and the Deacon read the middle text. Meanwhile the Priest at the Altar made Crosses of Palms to set upon your doors." As to the latter statement, the oldtime writer was somewhat confused or mistaken. Nevertheless, little crosses of the hallowed palm were commonly made by the people and placed over the door, sometimes in the purse. The custom of wearing little palm crosses on the coat lapel or on the breast is both ancient and edifying.

In truly Catholic households the palm is not hidden away but placed in some conspicuous position on the crucifix or a holy picture, for the blessed palm is a sacramental and both the wearing and preserving of it in our homes is encouraged by the Church, as is evident from prayers of the Missal prescribed for the blessing of the palm.

In the first of these prayers the priest asks of God that whoever receives of the blessed palm may have thereby protection of body and soul. In the second prayer a benediction is pronounced upon all those who preserve it in their homes in a proper place. As to the old and still existing custom of burning bits of hallowed palm as a protection against storms, lightning, and the threatening elements, the people follow the example of the Church, which ordains that the blessed palm of the preceding Palm Sunday, be on the following Ash Wednesday, reduced to ashes, hallowed, and distributed among the people. In this ceremony the church strikingly illustrates the words, "Sic transit gloria mundi,"—"thus perishes the glory of the world."

The Wednesday of Holy Week is popularly known as Spy Wednesday. On this day Judas played the spy and signed the traitor's contract for thirty pieces of silver. Whether the Monday and Tuesday of Holy Week had a special name is not easy to ascertain. In all probability they had, since names for these days are found in other languages. It must be borne in mind that the same popular observances prevailed throughout the various countries of Christendom in days of old. They differed but little. Communication was more common in those days than is ordinarily supposed. People travelled a great deal. They did not cover hundreds of miles in a day, seeing little or nothing of a country's character, but they wandered slowly along and intermingled, and thus was established a thorough communication between people and people. "Both the palmer bearing a palm home from the Holy Land, and the pilgrim from near and distant shrines—and they were thousands—traversed Europe to and fro. Monk and friar travelled far from their homes in monastery and convent to their brethren in some distant land in quest of rare book and parchment. Merchant and minstrel went up and down the whole of Europe; the one to increase the people's comforts and his own purse, the other for his own and the people's amusement and instruction. To this must be added the centuries of travel by the hundreds of thousands of Crusaders to and from the Orient. Thus it happens the popular customs of old were not peculiar to any one people, but common to all.

On the evenings of Spy Wednesday, Maundy Thursday and Good Friday the service of the Tenebrae is held. The word tenebrae means darkness. This service dates back thirteen centuries and still holds its original form; hence its difference from other matins and lauds. It was originally said about two o'clock in the morning. About five centuries ago the custom of anticipating it as now done was established. "The tenebrae-hearse, namely, the triangular candlestick with fifteen candles is a relic of the times when the office was recited at night, and points to the fact that this office was said in the spirit of the Office of the Dead. The hearse was originally a canopy of lattice work over the bier for the support of the prescribed candles. The lattice-work of the hearse was in the shape of a triangular harrow. Gathered about this hearse, the clerics recited on the eves of the three last days of Holy Week, the divine office in mourning over our Lord's death. The extinguishing of one candle after each of the nine psalms of matins and five of lauds was intended to be a sign of mourning in darkness, hence the term Matutinum Tenebrarum, the topmost candle is symbolic of Christ, and its removal typifies His death amid the turmoil of nature,—the rending of rocks, earthquake and thunder, imitated by the noise of clappers, etc., at the end of the office.

It is not uncommon to hear Maundy Thursday referred to as Holy Thursday. This is a mistake. Holy Thursday is a name belonging absolutely from time immemorial to the Feast of the Ascension. Maundy is a significant name and ought therefore to be jealously guarded. Enough of that element of religion which serves to make it popular has been lost in the course of past centuries.

The word Maundy is derived, through the French maundier, from the Latin *mandatum:* "Mandatum novum do vobis," (a new commandment I give unto you) John, 13: 34. The Mandatum or Maundy was the ceremony of the washing of the feet and almsgiving observed on this day, both of which were performed as a token of that brotherly love which Christ so earnestly inculcated at the last supper.

The ceremony of the washing of the feet was and is part of the liturgy. It was performed by Pope, Bishop and priest, and kings, nobles and peasants, imitated their example. Twelve poor men were selected to be the recipients of the dignitaries' favor.

The Maundy is observed in the ceremonies of the church, and in many religious communities even at the present time.

Visiting the repositories is a custom as popular of old as it is today. It is indeed edifying to Catholic and non-Catholic alike to witness the spontaneous demonstration of devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, and deeper than we are aware of is the impression produced on the multitude of unbelievers around us by this and similar acts of faith.

Good Friday, commemorative of our Lord's death, is and always was a day of deep mourning throughout Christendom. Among the ceremonies of the day is that practised both by clergy and laity and known of old as "the adoration of the Cross," meaning the veneration of that holy emblem. Near the recumbent crucifix was placed the alms-box ready to receive the contributions destined for the maintenance of the sacred places in the Holy Land. Often various offerings besides coin were made for this purpose. The custom dated from the time of the Crusades.

The sepulchre holds a prominent place in the ceremonies peculiar to this day. This is the outcome, also, of that realistic tendency which constantly sought new means to make vivid to mind and heart the mysteries of the life of Christ and the economy of Redemption, as recalled by the recurring fasts and feasts throughout the year. A constant stream of palmers passed to and fro through Europe, eager to visit the Holy Land and its sacred places, or recount at home by the fireside what they had seen and felt. The Crusaders made every home familiar with the East.

It was no more than natural that under such circumstances it should become a general custom to represent in due season

the stable of Bethlehem, Nazareth, Galilee, the Calvary and the Sepulchre. The sepulchre was reserved for Good Friday. Sometimes of very primitive design, again, a work of art, the sepulchre never failed to inspire the faithful with a lively sentiment of compassion for the sufferings and death of our Saviour.

The palmers, coming from the Holy Land, did not fail to give a vivid description of those huge and priceless lamps suspended before the tomb of our Lord. This idea of lighting the sepulchre was carried out in diverse ways. In the course of time as the Mystery Plays developed, an image of the buried Christ was laid in the sepulcher. In this form the sepulchre has come down to us and so impresses our people with a deep devotion to our dear Lord in His entombment.

A very valuable manifestation of faith is hymnology. Anent Good Friday some beautiful hymns bearing on the Passion of Christ are heard in connection with the ceremonies.

On Holy Saturday the ceremonies begin with the blessing of the fire. In some European countries, when this service was ended, a representative of each family, having previously provided himself with a brand, held it in the hallowed fire to light it, and then, with all possible speed, set out for home to communicate the blessing to his own hall or hut whichever he called "home." Then the paschal candle is blessed. This candle still of immense size was, in former days, especially in cathedrals, of great weight.

There is mention made of a paschal candle weighing 300 pounds in the abbey church of Westminster, during the last year of Queen Mary's reign. And a paschal candle of earlier times that weighed between 80 and 100 lbs. was considered quite a respectable size.

The *Exultet* which is the prayer for the blessing of the paschal candle, is sung by the deacon in the sanctuary from a book supported by a music-stand. Over this should hang a velum. This custom began with the ancient rolls of parchment, of about the length and breadth of the velum on which in the very early times the Exultet, words and notes, was written, together with illustrations.

The illustrations, however, were inverted, so that as the deacon, standing in the pulpit and facing the congregation, let the upper end of the roll hang down, the people could see the illustration as the parchment unrolled in the progress of the chant. These illustrations treated of the matter spoken of in the *Exultet*. The departure from Egypt, Moses leading Israel through the desert, the Land of Promise, were the topics illustrated. The custom proceeded from Monte Casino.

During the chanting of the litany the Lenten veil was removed. It hung across the sanctuary, covering all statues and pictures in one wide sweep. At the intoning of the Gloria the bells pealed forth a jubulant Alleluia, as in the present time.

On Maundy Thursday they pealed a last long song of joy, to ring no more, in sorrow over our Lord's death.

With Easter, Lent comes to an end. The word *Easter* comes from an old English root and signifies *rising;* or in Latin, *Resurrectio* from Resurgere. At midnight the faithful attended Matins. The sepulchre formed the center of interest. After Matins there took place in the sepulchre the scene of the Resurrection, a monument of which is retained by the Church in the sequence of the Mass, *Victimae paschali laudes.* Here in the sepulchre is the well-spring or fountain-head of the drama. The cross which lay in the tomb was wound about with linen cloth and exalted over the altar, symbol of the glorious Resurrection. The white cross was ornamented with flowers and this was the Easter cross. Easter is preeminently the feast of flowers, as Christmas is the feast of evergreens. Pascua Florida, Pasch of Flowers, the Spaniard calls Easter. The Easter flower par excellence was lavender, (lavendula spica), the symbol of immortality. Nowadays it is the Easter lily. The bulbs of this lily are imparted from the Bermudas by the shipload, so great is the demand. The custom of erecting an Easter cross, white, and trimmed with roses or lavender, has continued down to our times in some non-Catholic Churches, and in recent years some Catholic churches reintroduced the ancient custom. The custom of blessing food on Easter morn originated, according to some authorities, in the British Isles, and was adopted by the ritual. An old account mentions "the Pascal Lambe, Egges and Herbes." Among the last mentioned was the tansy, tanacetum vulgare. The word *tansy* was derived from the French *tanasie,* and that in turn from the Greek athanasia, (immortality). Immortality was the keynote of Easter. At breakfast on Easter morning tansy-pudding and bacon formed the fare. The latter was intended to offset the Jewish Pasch. The large hall was appropriately decorated. The great table was set in the middle of the dining-room and covered with the best linen, bestrewn with flowers, the dishes of meat placed round about and the large charger of blessed Easter eggs in the center.

The table continued in the same manner to be covered all Easter week, and those who came to visit were invited to eat an Easter egg with them. Many a game was played with Easter eggs, among them, picking and rolling. Rulers and princes mingled with the people on these days, even as today our Presidents roll the Easter eggs down the terrace near the White House to the great glee of the little ones assembled.

As to the origin of Easter eggs, various suggestions have been offered by those intent on reading a nation's character in its customs. The ancient Egyptians, Persians, Chinese and other nations, including Greeks and Romans, had the custom of using and presenting colored eggs at the season. The origin, there-

fore, of such a universal practice must be sought in primeval times, before the dispersion of nations.

In olden times eggs were not permitted as Lenten food, and therefore formed a special Easter dish; nevertheless, although indults now permit the use of eggs during Lent, they are none the less welcome under the form of Easter eggs.

The paschal lamb was a lamb prepared for the day and blessed by the priest in the church according to the prayers contained in the ritual. In many religious communities these customs are still treasured.

With low Sunday Eastertide proper closes. What may be the reason for the name it is difficult to explain. Some maintain that it is called Low Sunday to offset the grandeur of Easter. Others declare that the word *low* is a corruption of lock, and, as Lock Sunday, it forms the end of the closed season.

An interesting folk rhyme mentions Low Sunday as the end of one of the closed seasons. It runs thus:

"When advent comes do thou refrain
Till Hillary set thee free again;
Next Septuagesima saith thee nay;
But when Low Sunday come thou may,
Yet at Rogation thou must tarrie
Till Trinitie shall bid thee marry."

The eve of Low Sunday was popularly known as Lawson, which hints at Law Sunday—perhaps, due to the fact that with this Sunday or rather the day following, the law courts closed during Holy Week and Easter-tide, opened again.

The hymnology of Easter is great and glorious and "Alleliua" is echoed from land to land, from sea to sea, from earth to heaven, telling of joy that springs from the Redeemer's glory, and world's redemption. "Haec dies quam facit Dominus exultemus et laetemus in ea. Alleluia.

S. A .G.

A REVERIE.

Those hearts of ours—but, after all,
How shallow and narrow, how tiny and small;
Like scantiest streamlet or Summer's least rill,
They're as easy to empty—as easy to fill.

One hour of storm and how the streams pour!
One hour of sun and the streams are no more;
One little grief;—how the tears gush and glide!
One smile;—flow they ever so fast, they are dried.

Those hearts of ours—how wise! how wise!
They can lift their thoughts till they touch the skies;
They can sink their shafts, like a miner bold,
Where wisdom's mines hide their pearls and gold.

Fonts of American Catholic History

The chief source to which the historian must go for details on the early Catholic history of our State is the Jesuit Relations, those simple yet carefully prepared letters written by the missionaries to their Superior General giving him an accurate account of their life and work among the Indians.

The life of the Jesuit father never varied as far as its personal side was concerned; the years of his novitiate and solitude served to so form his character, as to render him impervious to his surroundings, hence no matter what may have been the circumstances of his existence, his daily spiritual exercises always had a place in it,—so that it is not his personal side which stands out before us in his relations but rather his life work in the propagation of the Faith among the aborigines of our State.

With his well trained mind, and his devotedness to his calling, the Jesuit Father was in a position to accurately grasp the life and habits of the Indian, to grapple with his superstitions, faults and failings, thus to bring to him the only remedy which could give him any assurance of surviving the coming of his European brothers.

From the Jesuit letters we learn the Indian habits, we get our first glimpse of his daily life ere it had been brought in contact with the civilizing influences of the Catholic Church. To attain this result, the missionary had first to go among a people whose language he did not know, make himself one of them, accept hospitality of their homes, partake of their meagre and oftentimes ill-prepared nourishment, thus from these intimate associations to gain their confidence, and finally their hearts by proving to them, through his acts of abnegation and Christian perfection, the many and varied advantages which they might hope to derive from the Catholic religion.

We are thus enabled to follow with interest, the history of the progress of the Faith in our State from their arrival in 1611 to the close of their labors about one hundred and twenty-five years later. Thus are we enabled to behold for nearly a century and a half the lamp of our holy Faith as it shone forth among the Indian tribes on the Kennebec and Penobscot rivers, through the heroic labors of such men as Biard, Massé, Druillettes, James and Vincent Bogot, the martyred Rale, de la Chasse, Lauverjat, Syresme, to Charles Germain, the last of the Jesuit

fathers to toil in what may be termed the Heroic Period of the missionary labors among the Indians of our State.

The only reliable source of information for this epoch of our history must be the letters and reports of the above named fathers. From the moment England and France began their titanic struggle for empire in the new world, we find much concerning the Catholic church in the Colonial reports all of which have to be read with the fact ever in view that their authors were for the most part biased and prejudiced not only against the French but more so against the Catholic Church.

But when we come to that period when the tide of Celtic immigration turned towards our State, we find that we no longer have the well thought out reports of the Jesuit Fathers, which enable us to reconstruct their settlements and place them before us in all the beauties of their Christian fervor; the few details at our disposal, leave us much to conjecture as to the passing of our ancestors and the recording of their simple yet useful lives.

We discover ourselves facing the fact general not only in our State but throughout our Country, that the local history of the Catholic Church remains unwritten.

The late Dr. Shea accomplished a wonderful work when he gave us his "Colonial Days," and the "History of the Catholic Church in the United States." The Catholics of America owe John Gilmary Shea a debt that can never be paid for his tireless efforts in seeking out the original sources and drawing therefrom sufficient details to give us as he has a bird's eye view of the history of the Catholic Church in our country. With the vast territory before him, and the meager means of communication in his day, and perhaps the frequent lack of sympathy and encouragement on the part of those who should have been most interested, we may well say that the first Catholic English Historian of America has given us a work which must always remain of permanent value to the Catholic historical student.

Another Catholic historian whose life and work will be more and more appreciated as the years pass by is the late Martin I. J. Griffin, the long time editor of the American Catholic Researches, who departed this life November 10th, 1911. During his long career as a seeker after historical truth at the original sources, Mr. Griffin has brought to light many important documents connected with the history of the Church in Maine, which were it not for his patient industry might yet remain in their long forgotten places.

So frequently has he touched on questions intimately connected with the history of the Church in Maine, that his entire works may be said to teem with articles both useful and interesting to the student of Maine Catholic history.

But when he desires to have something more complete, something which gives him the history of his diocese or parish more in detail, he is at once brought to realize that the various events however interesting or important have never been recorded, and if he would write on them, he must base his work more or less on hearsay.

That many deeds had better be forgotten is true; but there are nevertheless unusual events, everyday facts that arise in connection with our diocesan and parish history, the recording of which would prove most valuable as well as interesting and instructive reading for future generations. So humble were the surroundings or scenes in which lived the early Jesuit fathers in the primitive days of Catholicism in our country, that they hardly placed on their work, the value which we of today give it. Like them perchance we do not deem our work worth recording, our life and deeds seem so ordinary, but in all this we have a great lesson to learn from the failures of the past. How we value the few records left us! How we wish that we had more!

If we would seek another object lesson, we have only to look in upon some of the meetings of our State Historical Societies which are for the most part non-Catholic. We listen to the reading of interesting, historic papers at their monthly or yearly meeting as the case may be; we notice how the most minute details of passing events are treasured and preserved.

And if we take the trouble to look about their rooms at the books on their shelves, at the relics in their cases, we shall see there many books and articles of rare Catholic historic value which have been preserved through the care and industry of those who are not of our Faith.

I would call attention to the well filled rooms of the Maine Historical Society at Portland, to those of the Massachusetts Historical Society at Boston, as well as the New England Historic and Genealogical Society in the same city all under non-Catholic auspices, and yet which might well serve as models for Catholic emulation.

These incorporated associations hold their treasures from generation to generation; organized as they are; teeming with industry as we find them; constantly picking up the threads of the past, we easily see how immense will be their value to the student of the future.

In a country where we claim that our ancestry as Catholics antedates that of the Pilgrims, it would seem that we should have Catholic Historical Society Rooms that would afford the student of Catholic history every facility for constructing the history of the Church, but unfortunately both rooms and records are as rare as are the historians.

That our history in detail has not yet been written is ample proof that our Catholic scholars have not taken to this branch

of literature as have our non-Catholic friends; and if at times we hear the accusation that they have not treated us fairly in their various works on history, we have to remember, that Catholics have only themselves to blame for leaving so abundant a field to be harvested by a hostile pen.

Only about a week ago, the Honorable President of the American Catholic Historical Society writing through the columns of the New York Freeman's Journal, on the subject "The True History of the Last Four Centuries" referring to the responsibility of Catholics in this important question, said "Catholics owe it to their non-Catholic fellow-beings as well as to themselves to preserve their faith and extend it to others in the interest of Christian civilization. It is their privilege to participate in the rewriting of the history of the last four centuries in order that the truth may prevail. This is due their Catholic forebears and the martyrs who sacrificed the goods in testimony of their faith and even their lives.

The excuse of former generations of Catholics for not insisting upon the truth being woven into history because they had to struggle for their existence and were helpless in the hands of the strong and the merciless cannot be given by the Catholics of the present day, for, although even now as a disadvantage with their non-Catholic brethren in wealth and opportunity, for education, they have sufficient means to force truth back into literature. Much has been done in this connection by the Catholics in England and Germany, but although more numerous and opulent, very little by Catholics in the United States.

We have been so busied making new Catholic history, that we have found it difficult to concern ourselves with restoring truth to the history of the past. But this excuse will not stand in the balance against our duty to ourselves and to our non-Catholic brethren in the preservation of Christian civilization. The time has come when we Catholics can no longer content ourselves with the enjoyment of blessings which our faith brings us, but we must become apostles of that faith in order that its leaven may be spread throughout the world.

In addition to our duty to the history of the last four centuries, we have the duty in gathering and preserving the documents necessary for the history of the Church in our own country. This duty we again owe to our Non-Catholic brethren as well as to ourselves. Although our country was consecrated to Almighty God by the noble deeds of the early Catholic missionaries as testified to by towns, mountains, and rivers, throughout the entire land, the popular every day history ignores all Catholic influences upon the development of our institutions, our government, and our people. Such history will have to be rewritten with the deeds of Catholics woven into it. The omission had not been due to the malice of non-Catholic

writers but to the carelessness and indifference of Catholics in not collecting the documents necessary for history. People who write history can only weave into it facts from authentic documents, and when documents setting forth the deeds of Catholics are not accessible, it is but natural that they be left out.

The collection of documents bearing on the history of the Church is also necessary for the development of Catholic writers. We often hear the complaint that Catholic writers do not write Catholic literature, and that there is a dearth of Catholic historians. Catholic writers naturally produce that kind of literature for which it is to gather material. Catholic documents which would furnish material for history, biography or fiction are not available without great expense and labor, and it is therefore practically impossible for Catholic writers to do work based on them.

The late John Gilmary Shea, one of the most conscientious and competent historical writers of modern times, from a high sense of duty to Mother Church, spent the energy of a long life gathering documents for a history of the Catholic Church in the United States and twice was compelled to sell his collection for the support of his family before he even had been able to use it for the purposes for which he had gathered it.

It was only through the aid of the Catholic hierarchy of the United States that he was finally able to write what he did. His great talents were lost in a measure to the world because he did not have the support of his fellow Catholics."

The Rt. Rev. Bishop of Portland certainly took a step in the right direction when he established the Maine Catholic Historical Society with a membership composed of many of our leading and well to do Catholics of the Diocese of Portland. Last July he went a step farther and authorized the issuance of The Maine Catholic Historical Magazine to further promote historic work along Catholic lines in our State.

In a spirit fully in harmony with the dignity of his subject, Bishop Walsh may be said to have given his best efforts towards the creation of an interest in and a love for the heroic deeds of the past; whenever he has undertaken to celebrate their anniversaries, he has not failed to give them that prominence which should serve to enhance their value for all time.

In establishing the Catholic Historical Society, the Bishop's purpose was "the research and publication of whatever is important in person, fact or document, regarding the origin and growth of the Catholic Church in the present State of Maine." In his preface to the first number of the magazine Bishop Walsh distinctly states that "the Magazine is to carry out that aim."

To prepare the ground for writing a history of the Church in Maine, it is necessary to collect whatever documentary evi-

dence we may find here and there, such as letters from former Bishops or priests, copies of old deeds, reports of church foundations, dedications, confirmations, baptismal records, obituary notices of both the clergy and the laity who were the pioneers of the Faith in our State.

The publication of the magazine from month to month affords an opportunity for the collection and publication of articles of historic interest or of discussion of points of history which admit of controversy.

In many of the old homes of our State, in Catholic families who can trace their ancestry back to days when the Church here was in its infancy, there must be many a historic document which would be of priceless value for the history of the Catholic Church in Maine. Sometimes such papers lie for years in worm eaten chests or dust covered closets to be finally consigned to the rubbish heap and fire in house cleaning time. They are sources of history, many of them relate to our early Catholic history. Why not save them; give them the light of day preserve them in print?

Future generations will surely want to know something of our history, something about the lives of our forefathers, the pioneers in the Faith. To treasure and preserve what is of value is a debt which we owe the past; if we are unfaithful to this obligation, we shall leave to future children of the Church naught save an obscure past which tells nothing of sacrifice, relates no heroic deeds, offers no lessons of inspiration for the weary traveller along life's toilsome journey.

POETS.

Poets are strange—not always understood
By many is their gift,
Which is for evil or for mighty good—
To lower or to lift.

"Nature is but the outward vestibule
Which God has placed before an unseen shrine;
The visible is but a fair, bright vale
That winds around the great Invisible;
The Finite—it is nothing but a smile
That flashes from the face of Infinite.

God hides in nature as a thought doth hide
In humbly-sounding words; and as the thought
Beats through the lowly world like pulse of heart
That giveth life and keepeth life alive."

The Three R's and Another R

We have said that good civics, as well as the science of pedagogy, and the Christian conscience, demands religious teaching and religious training in the schools; and this for the reason that man is a spiritual and religious being, and to attempt to form him without religion, is to ignore the specific, differentiating element of his nature; and to do this would be to do an injury to the State as well as to the individual.

Education is a prime concern of the State; and rightly so, for the school is the training ground of the future citizen of the State, and on the right education of the future citizens depends not only the welfare, but the very existence of the State. The State then should see to it that its young are not only receiving an education, but receiving the right kind of an education in the elements that make for good citizenship.

The State, like many another pater familias, seems to be content once it learns that the children are attending school regularly, and are assured of this regularly when it comes time to pay the bills, which it does generously and ungrudgingly; and like many another pater familias it does not stop to investigate if its children are getting all that the father is paying for. Mayhap, as a certain father was surprised and shocked and angered and then inspired to get busy, on learning that his child was not taught how to spell in school, so the State might be surprised and shocked and angered and inspired to get busy to learn that the one element of the child's education for which it has paramount concern, namely a right training for citizenship, which cannot be obtained without a training in morality and religion is not to be had in those schools for which the State is paying such enormous sums of money. Its a wonder some official or department of the State or some Carnegie Foundation does not make it its business to investigate and tablulate the ingredients essential for good citizenship. Mayhap it would find that religion in the schools would be one of the essential ingredients. The State has departments and commissions to examine everything from the potato scab to the scab laborer, from the conservation of the lobster to the conservation of its forests. The foods we eat and the liquids we imbibe are examined and guaranteed by the government to be all they claim to be. Its too bad we have not some commission that will be solicitious about the conservation of the child and will give us a guarantee that its education is not violating the pure food laws of citizenship.

Would such a commission, well versed in history, past and present, and well acquainted with human nature, dare assert that that education from which God was banished, and which by the very impressive and very effective objective method was making for infidelity and immorality, was at the same time making for good citizenship? Hardly. The founders of this Republic never believed that you could have good citizens and a strong government unless its children were well trained in morality and religion. Washington in his Farewell Address declared that "season and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principles."

The framers of the Constitution wrote down in the very first sentence of that document "We the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, *establish justice,* insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America;" and July 13, 1787, before that Constitution was adopted by the convention the founders of the Republic passed an act of Congress, called "an ordinance for the government of the territory northwest of the River Ohio" ordaining: "Religion, monality and knowledge being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall forever be encouraged." And be it known that the schools and colleges in that day were religious, denominational schools and colleges, and understand the meaning of that ordinance; namely, the hope of good government is based on the right training in religion and morality and knowledge in its religious schools.

"Reason and experience both forbid us to expect national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principles."

"The golden day and the silver night—
Twenty-four jewels pure and bright,
To set in our life-chain, every one,
How many are lost when the day is done?"

St. Joseph's Academy

During the Twentieth century, which is still in the morning of its course, perhaps more than ever in the past, the important question of education has attracted the attention of church and laymen, and people of all creeds and classes. Governments as well as wealthy individuals have been urged by some philanthropist, to open their coffers to aid the progress of knowledge. New theories of instruction are constantly being proposed, new systems of education discussed, new methods of training young minds developed, and many are found to be impracticable, if not absurd.

This question of education is, therefore, a topic, which, at the present day demands the careful attention of everyone who has the most sacred interests of the human race at heart, since the joy or misery, the usefulness or waste of the individual depends so much, for time and for eternity, on a true or a false education."

Scarcely a time proves more anxious to the conscientious, intelligent parent than that in which he or she considers the means to be adopted in the education of perhaps an only daughter, for it is the education of young girls we are now considering. To what institution shall she go for the purpose of study? To whom shall her instruction be intrusted? Who shall be her companions? Whence shall she derive her ideals? What particular course shall she pursue? So largely is the human being influenced by environment and by personal attractions, especially in youth, that a careful selection of the place and the persons with whom these formative years are to be passed. is a matter of the weightiest importance, and demands the most prudent consideration. Moreover, as true education has for its aim the development of all the powers, of all the faculties of the soul, as well as of the body, it is only when goodness and truth go hand in hand, and the heart grows apace with the intellect, that there can be a strong and healthy development. Therefore, means must be provided for the cultivation and refinement of the faculties and the powers of both soul and body.

The human mind is the brightest display of the power and skill of the Infinite Mind, as far as we know. It has been created and placed in this world for a higher state of existence. Here its faculties begin to unfold, and those mighty energies that are to bear it forward to unending ages, begin to discover themselves. Reason is nourished by intellectual truth; imagina-

tion and the æsthetic sense are cultivated by the correcting and refining taste for things beautiful and sublime; the will and the moral sense are strengthened and controlled by the practice of good deeds, and the exercise of piety and self-control.

If, as we perceive, religion enters essentially into all true education, then clearly, teachers must be capable of teaching it, and associations and surroundings must be such as will foster a true spirit of it. If religion is something clear and definite, formulated in concrete propositions, then a knowledge and acceptance of those dogmas is part of the qualification of an efficient religious teacher, such teacher, the Catholic church, the zealous custodian of education throughout all ages and nations, has ever been most solicitous to provide for all her children. "With that heavenly instinct which is her great inheritance, she is fully aware how important it is to gather from her extensive fields, the tender young plants and to place them beneath the shelter of her conservatories, before the uncertain temperature of a feverish world has had time to spoil the lily fairness.

In these places of secure shelter, the church has also established devoted teachers, who have consecrated their lives to the training and instruction of the young, not for the worldly gain that others prize, but in the hope of the promise that "They that instruct many unto justice shall shine as stars to all eternity."

While considering this important matter of education it may be interesting to recall in brief the history of St. Joseph's Academy where for over thirty-three years young girls have been thoroughly grounded in the principles of the Faith, as well as in branches of purely secular knowledge.

During the fifty odd years in which the Sisters of Mercy have labored in the diocese of Maine their educational and charitable works have wonderfully increased in scope and extent.

We who live in times of comparative peace and triumph for the church, can but dimly realize what was the sublime apostolate undertaken by those gentle and zealous Daughters of Holy Mother church, in days of Know-nothingism and so-called native Americanism. These religions were, as we know, but following in the footsteps of their revered foundress, Mother Catherine McAuley and her noble-minded commissary to American shores, Mother Xavier Warde, a woman of large mind, broad culture, and winning personality, endowed with sympathetic charity which endeared her to all. These God-given powers she used as means for bringing souls captive to the feet of Christ.

In 1865 a branch house from Manchester having been established in Bangor, Me., and later in 1873, in Portland, after the division of the Maine and New Hampshire dioceses, the Portland house became the Mother House for the Community in the State of Maine. Like the little grain of mustard seed—

Student's Library, St. Joseph's Academy, Deering Maine.

small indeed in the eyes of those who see no further than to-morrow, and perhaps not that far, but great in the eyes of God.

The Order of Mercy grew and flourished in the State, parochial schools and private schools were opened and so great was the need of education of the higher sort that it was deemed advisable and even necessary to establish a boarding school for young ladies in or near Portland.

Accordingly in 1881 with the approval and encouragement of Rt. Reverend Bishop Healy of loving memory, the property and grounds of the old site were purchased. The money with which this useful and far-reaching good deed was accomplished came to the Sisters as the dowry of one of their beloved, saintly members, who some years ago answered the final call of her Divine Spouse. The Sisters opened the school as "St. Joseph's Boarding and Day Academy."

Space will not permit us to dwell upon the many edifying and interesting details of this foundation, still less upon the hardships and struggles of the little community. Even in those early days the number of pupils constantly increased and the course of studies then pursued compares very favorably with the curriculum of some of the more progressive institutions of the present day.

Although numerous hardships surrounded them on every side the Sisters were very happy in those days of labor and trial. Under the guidance of their beloved patroness, Our Lady of Mercy, every new obstacle was regarded as a special mark of divine favor, and so the work of the Academy increased, the number of pupils multiplied, the teaching faculty was necessarily increased and the possibilities of wide future developments were so apparent that it was finally decided to erect a Mother House and combine with the boarding school thereby offering the latter greater facilities for advancement.

Notwithstanding the poverty of the parent house in Portland the community found it imperative to begin building at once. Encouraged by our good Bishop, Rt. Rev. Louis S. Walsh, D. D., and under his auspices the new grounds were bought, immediately adjoining the old grounds, and trusting in Divine Providence the work was begun in the early spring of 1907.

On the Feast of the Assumption, August the fifteenth, 1909, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered for the first time on the altar of the new Convent Chapel. The building was blessed on the eighth of September, and registration of pupils began on the fourteenth of the same month. Many were the untiring prayers, the deeds of heroic self-sacrifice by whose efficacy this Institution sprang into existence, but He who knows the struggle will give reward in due time and full measure.

It is indeed a picturesque spot, removed from the alluring diversions of city surroundings, it offers exceptional advantages to the formative period of youth.

Modern plans render the extensive and commodious building all that need be desired.

Large and airy apartments possess every facility to make study attractive and beneficial while the social halls afford opportunity for delightful reunions and recreation.

The spacious and pleasing Auditorium possesses exceptional acoustic advantages which greatly facilitate musical and elocutionary training.

The Library contains many cases of volumes adapted to every phase of mental, moral and social improvement. Standard current periodicals are at hand thus obviating the necessity of parents sending newspapers or magazines to their children.

As an aid to the acquisition of science a complete chemical and physical apparatus is provided with the advantage of practical, experimental work in the Laboratory.

The Museum contains various specimens of fossils and minerals, shells and coral from different parts of the world, also a number of very fine stuffed specimens, animals and birds.

The education given at St. Joseph's is practical, solid and refined. It embraces all that is comprehended in the term education—the development of the entire pupil, her physical, mental and moral powers.

A series of entertainments combining instruction with amusement throughout the scholastic year forms a pleasing contrast with the severer studies of the curriculum.

Our Bishop's interest in the educational development of this convent school, has been, from the first, very strong. Neither does the world need to be assured of Bishop Walsh's interest in all the higher educational movements, both for the clergy and the laity. Nor can we be wrong in affirming that he is counsellor and friend to St. Joseph's Academy, and indeed "his worth is warrant for his welcome" for he has become a not infrequent visitor, a gracious presence, welcome alike to young and old. Sisters and pupils have perhaps no more beloved friend than this prelate of great learning and simple manner, who is in his own way "one of the family," and no important event is ever complete without him.

Notably among those connected with the later history of St. Joseph's Academy may be mentioned the present spiritual director of the student body, Reverend John W. Houlihan. Having assumed the pastorate of St. Joseph's parish in May of 1908, he was also given charge of the spiritual affairs at St. Joseph's and faithfully has he filled the duties of that important trust. No man better understands the value of knowledge and the importance of its acquisition, no man takes greater pride in the progress of St. Joseph in all lines of development. The pupils can never forget him and his name will be identified with the institution and its history as long as it shall exist. In

Rt. Rev. Louis S. Walsh D. D., Bishop of Portland.
President of St. Joseph's Academy, Deering, Maine.

times of uncertainty and trial he is ever at hand to grasp a problem and solve it in its most significant sense and where many another less reasonable might not be stirred to action by generous impulse, Father Houlihan has given in a silent and impressive manner many a sweet simple lesson of Christ-like charity and forbearance to the student body, individually and at large. Precept being less in worth than example—appreciation of his finer qualities is not lacking.

Many beautiful and practical instructions are given by this kindly director that cannot fail to bear fruit even in the course of student life. Always appreciative of their efforts, he never fails to encourage them to the perseverance necessary in climbing the steeps of knowledge, where "Hills peep over hills, and Alps on Alps arise."

When such an educational establishment of the church, in addition to the prescribed secular teaching, which in evidence is not second even to the best, uses the surest means and the strongest incentives to make its students keep mind and heart pure and steadfast, can it fail to make persuasive appeal to the parent who wishes to procure the most reliable means of a liberal education for a child? St. Joseph's Academy has been a pioneer of Catholic effort for the elementary and advanced education of girls and within its walls noble intellects have expended themselves in building up a superior intellectual training and the success attained has been valuable and stimulating in a special degree. "Today we are proud, and deeply gratified to welcome within its walls even the direct descendants of some of its early graduates, the best testimony to the veneration and esteem in which it is held by those who have had the best opportunity to judge its standards and long-tried methods. One has only to glance over the names of some of its alumnæ to be informed that the sweet, refined and strongly spiritual influence of this great teaching Community of the Sisters of Mercy is felt far and wide through New England and over all our broad free land.

But as our country has developed and advanced in the interests that make a nation's greatness, its educational demands and standards have also risen, so we have come to the Normal Training Class, to meet the demands of those who wish to prepare for teaching in the elementary grades. This progressive Institution has arranged with the State Educational Department to prepare students for the annual teachers' examinations and the acquisition of qualifications that are demanded for professional training as teachers. On the already comprehensive educational programme at St. Joseph's, of English, Classical and Scientific Courses, the students obtain entrance to college without examination, and on passing the teacher's examination obtain a State Certificate with privilege of teach-

ing in elementary public schools, if duly recommended by the supervisor or instructor of the Training Class at St. Joseph's.

Our zealous and scholarly Bishop has shown enthusiastic approval of this latest department in the Academy, as also in every effort to advance Catholic education, culture, dignity and highmindedness, and in the promotion of any interest whatever that may aid in the acquisition of those desirable accomplishments, and delicate refinements of life, which go to make the truly Christian gentlewoman.

To the greater glory of God has been and will continue to be the work undertaken in dear St. Joseph's.

S. J. L., Deering, Me.

OUR LADY'S EASTER.

Lo, the Paschal moon throws peaceful beams
On Mary's closèd eyelids, wet with weeping—
Doth music mingle with her midnight dreams
Waking the Mother while the land lies sleeping.

No seraph's harping sounds; the heavens are mute;
No shepherds hear the Pax of angel-singers;
But sudden, on her sorrows' seven-stringed lute—
Her beating heart—Love lays His shining fingers.

No choiring band, but Christ, the risen Priest,
Sings "Peace be with you," on His new-birth morning,
And gives the ecstatic Pax on this high feast,
The rapturous kiss, the Mother's brow adorning.

"Arise, my glory!" chimes the mother-heart,
"Arise, my loved one, I, thy Son, am risen!"
Ah, swiftly doth she rise to hymn her part,
Since He, her Life, hath broken death's fast prison.

"O Love, my heart is ready, I will rise;
My heart is ready for the Paschal singing,
For on my face Thy risen glory lies,
And in my ears Thy notes of love are ringing.

Oh, heavenly is that chamber's Easter-shrine,
Where Mary with her Son in bliss reposes!
O harp and lute! O psaltery divine!
O radiant wounds like glory-streaming roses.

SELECTED.

Rev. John Houlihan, Pastor of St. Joseph's Church.
Spiritual Director of St. Joseph's Academy, Deering, Maine.

Martin I. J. Griffin

In the article of "The fonts of American Catholic History" appearing in this number of our magazine, reference has been made to the late Martin Griffin, and since our readers may expect quotations from his many articles on Catholic Maine history, we feel that they may perhaps wish to know something more of the life and work of one of our best Catholic Historians.

From the obituary number of the "American Catholic Historical Researches" under date of April 1912, we learn that Martin Ignatius Griffin was born in Philadelphia, October 23, 1842, and died in the same city November 10th, 1911. The son of Terence J. Griffin and Elizabeth Doyle, natives of County of Wicklow, Ireland, after having received a common school education and a few years employment as a journalist, he married at the age of 28 Mary A. E. McMullen, daughter of William and Dorothy Hilly McMullen, natives of the County of Donegal, Ireland. Mrs. Griffin died in 1906 after a happy union of nearly half a century, blessed with six children, four of whom now survive. The living members of this noted man's family are the Rev. Martin I. J. Griffin, Treasurer of the College of St. Thomas, St. Paul, Minn.; Dr. William J. Griffin of Philadelphia, Sister Dorothea, of the Immaculate Heart Order, and Miss Philomena Griffin.

Apart from his long career as a Catholic journalist, Mr. Griffin was the author of many works, among which we might name his "Life of Commodore Barry," "History of Old St. Joseph's Church," Phildelphia, "The Life of Rt. Michael Egan, O. S. E., the First Bishop of Philadelphia," "Documenta Relating to the History of the Catholic Church in the United States."

With these few details as to his life and work, we deem it best to place before our readers the eloquent yet well merited appreciation bestowed on him by his friend of many years, the illustrious Archibishop of St. Paul John Ireland. With the news of Mr. Griffin's unexpected death at hand, Archbishop Ireland in conveying his condolences to the bereaved family, said: "I take it as a sacred duty on my part to pay to the memory of Martin I. J. Griffin a tribute of esteem and affection. My recollections of him, my friendly and familiar relations with him, cover more than a score of years. I had fullest opportunity to know him, to judge of his value as a man, a Christian, a public benefactor, and my verdict is that few there are to fill the void his death has opened, few to merit so deeply our gratitude.

to win to themselves in such generous award our gratitude, our respect, our affection.

"Martin I. J. Griffin looms up, so soon as the name is spoken, as the champion of truth in American Catholic history. A champion of the kind was needed; writers and lecturers had been mere rehearsers, the one counting upon the other, none putting upon himself the dull and patience-demanding task of rummaging through 'sources,' all together tending to build up 'the legend,' to minimize or to exaggerate as the exigencies of the moment did counsel to the grave prejudice of facts and of the interests to which statements of facts were made to bend. To 'the sources'—however far backward they draw, however unpleasant, however unserviceable the revelation to be echoed from them—was the cry of war of Martin I. J. Griffin; and to his cry of war he adhered most loyally. No labor was spared, no act of patience was begrudged—with the result that the incidents, whether of major or of minor importance, occurring, or believed to occur, in American Catholic history, have been thoroughly examined, verified, or duly interpreted, until today no one writes of those incidents without first having asked himself what judgment thereon Martin I. J. Griffin had promulgated—until today the truth with regard to those incidents is clarified, situated, placed within the reach of him who reads even while he runs. The work of Martin I. J. Griffin will remain; future students will owe him a great debt of gratitude. One thing is yet to be done—to gather up from the scattered pages of *The Researches* and other books and papers written by him, the fragments of his rich lore and embody them in orderly progression within the covers of one or more volumes that access to them be more easily found.

"So far the great public service, rendered to Church and to State by Martin I. J. Griffin. I may only touch with admiring pen upon the more private services bestowed in lavishness upon the members of his more immediate community. No beneficial work, benevolent, social or religious, was put before him, without Martin I. J. Griffin throwing himself into it, as the simple soldier, or the brave leader, with a whole-heartedness that ensured victory to himself and his allied forces. Here I must note with particular admiration his enthusiastic zeal in the cause of Total Abstinence. Nowhere, in the classic days of the Catholic Crusade against intemperance, was the war so nobly carried on as in the City of Philadelphia; and there no one stood so valiantly by the flag as Martin I. J. Griffin. Blunt of word and fearless of blow, as utter sincerity of conviction ever is, he struck right and left, wherever evil lifted its head or even remote connivance gave it encouragement. Complaints now and then were heard that he was imprudent in attack, relentless in pursuit. This, the evidence that he was working hard and

Students' Dining Room, St. Joseph's Academy, Deering, Maine.

successfully, with earnestness that knew no compromise, no faltering when the good cause needed trusty combatants.

"The personal life of Martin I. J. Griffin reflected the radiant light of the ideals, upon which the regard of his soul was ever fixed. The irreproachable man and citizen, the consistent and practical Catholic, the friend of all who needed friends, the banner-bearer wherever action in the service of virtue and religion was called for—such, throughout his long career, was my good griend, Martin I. J. Griffin. And in all that he proposed to himself, in all that he did, there was always the superb touchstone of disinterestedness—giving and doing at no small personal sacrifice, for the joyousness of the act, and the good to be thereby accomplished.

"To me there was much that was pathetic in the death of Martin I. J. Griffin. Only a few weeks before he was stricken, he had been in St. Paul, and had spent with me a long evening, in the course of which, apart from allusions to the work he had already done, we together outlined a new task in behalf of American Catholic history, that we both felt was of vital importance to religion, that we both believed should suffer no further delay. He left me, promising to give to the new task his most serious attention, doing for it his own full share, and seeking out co-laborers to do what his scant leisure moments could not allow himself to do. Scarcely was he back to his home in Philadelphia when all was over with him, and the furtherance of the new task was deprived of his keen insight into the mazes of history, and of his unerring skill in separating facts from mere legends.

"Peace to the soul of Martin I. J. Griffin! We regret him, and yet we do not regret him. We feel his loss in things we should wish to see done, that were so well done through him. But we know he is with God, receiving the reward of the truly Christian life which was his so long as his footsteps bore him over earth. May Catholic like unto him be many adown the coming years!"

Aubrey de Vere

This eminent Irish writer came of ancient lineage, distinguished through generations for patriots, soldiers and writers. He was born at the family seat Curragh Chase, in the County of Limerick, Ireland, January 10, 1814, and died in the same room in which he had slept from his boyhood January 12, 1902, two days after his eighty-eighth birthday. His father, Sir Aubrey de Vere, was a country gentleman whose chief pleasures were found in landscape gardening and in literature.

His best literary work, the drama "Mary Tudor," was accepted by eminent critics as a masterpiece, while his sonnets won the praise of Wordsworth.

Under his inspiration his children were brought up in a family life of devoted affection and the loftiest intellectuality. While a natural piety marked their lives, it was not until they reached manhood that Stephen and Aubrey, by different processes of reasoning, and at different times of life, yielded to the authority of the Catholic church, and came thereafter to be among her most devoted sons.

The chief characteristic of Aubrey de Vere was reverence. In studying his quiet and in one sense almost uneventful life, the explanation of all his thought may be traced to this source. It found its expression in his faith in God, his exquisite sensibility to the impressions of nature, his love for his friends, his conscientious use of the unusual gifts of his intellect with the all-pervading determination that they should advance the cause of the highest and holiest truth.

Everything in his life seemed harmonious with his temperament, which was absolutely that of the poet. Removed from the necessity of remunerative toil, living amid scenes that continually gratified while they stimulated his love of nature, his character already spiritual and pure, became more and more spiritualized, until, in his venerable old age, he seemed to be as free from considerations of self in any of its forms, as a man can become during his earthly life. His love for his family and for his native Curragh Chase appears in a passage from one of his letters quoted by Mr. Ward in "Memoirs;"

"It is to me haunted ground .....It really seems to me a sort of enchantment. The present becomes almost nothing—a mere vapor—and the past becomes so distinct that I recognize the steps of the departed as well as their voices. The most trivial incidents rise up before me wherever I go, and in every room of the house and every walk of the garden or woods I

see again the old gestures, expressions of face, even accidents of dress, which no one could fancy could have lived in the memory."

His deceased father and mother were, he tells us, his intimate companions to the end, and his brothers and sisters seemed to him "once more as in the old days of childhood and opening youth."

"And the man who thus clung to the past and held communion with the spirits of those who had gone before him—to whom the past was an undying and an unchanging fact—seemed to himself to be ever the same. As a boy he gained before his time the powers of reflection and imagination belonging to the mature youth of a gifted man. As a man of three score years, he had still the simplicity, the unspoiled keenness of enjoyment, the buoyant hopefulness, the trustfulness, the reverence for all that was great and good, which belong to a youth as yet untouched by the world, whose brightness is undimmed by the disappointments and disillusions of life.

In a letter written in middle age he declares that he feels just as he felt at eighteen. And at sixty he appeared to his friends to be still unchanged. He was one of those whom we are apt to think they ought never to die."

Aubrey de Vere was fortunate in his friends. From his early youth a reciprocal attraction bound him to some of the most gifted men and women, both of his own generation and of that which preceded it. He shared with his father a devoted admiration for Wordsworth, with whom he associated intimately during the closing years of the great master's life. In his mature years he was in close correspondence with Cardinals Manning and Newman, and indeed few among the leaders of contemporary thought in English and Irish society, among those who were distinguished in letters or religion, were unknown to him.

The sweetness of his disposition led him to know excellencies even among those who differed widely from his views, and he could find the ultimate tendencies of the philosophy of men whose lives closed without their becoming aware of the consequences of their teaching. Thus he revered the memory of Coleridge, although Coleridge would no doubt have been astonished had he been told that his philosophy led to the Catholic Church; and he never gave up the hope that others less notable than that great poet might yet submit to that authority which held for him all that made happiness in this world and the sure promise for eternity. Even with such a nature as Carlyle's, his charity and discernment were able to separate the sound from the false teaching.

He found in Browning the earnest devotion to truth that won for that poet an enduring place, notwithstanding the too fre-

quent obscurity of his style and the anti-Catholic prejudice that so often appears in his poetry.

"This devotion to his friends was repaid in a large degree by their devotion to him. From the voluminous correspondence he carried on with them, ended only the death, Aubrey de Vere's personality is shown with a reality all the more luminous because so unconscious. We have no record of a friendship between man and woman more beautiful than that of De Vere and Sara Coleridge, the daughter of the poet. Thus he spoke of her after their first meeting—

"I have become acquainted with another person.....Coleridge's daughter Sara; the authoress of the 'Phantasmion.' She is a most singularly beautiful, as well as attractive person—with great blue eyes into which Coleridge looked down till he left there his own lustre; a brow that puts you in mind of the 'rapt one of the Godlike forehead,' and an air of intellect and sweetness the more interesting from being shadowed over with the languor of pain—her health is very indifferent. We have had some delightful conversations about poetry and art, and she always seems glad to talk of her father."

And thus Mrs. Coleridge wrote of him after their early acquaintance had ripened into a friendship that endured until her death:

"I have lived among poets and have known greater poets than he is; but a more entire poet in his whole mind and temperament, I never knew or met with. He is most amiable, uniting feminine gentleness and compassionateness with the most perfect manliness, both negative and positive. He is all simplicity, yet graceful, and so gracious; sportive and jestful, yet with a depth of seriousness in his nature ever present. It is rather the habit of his mind to idealize ad libitum. But this, if a defect, is the defect of a large and beautiful intellect."

Soon after graduating from Trinity College, he gave himself frankly and earnestly to a literary career. He knew the measure of his powers both in prose and poetry and he devoted his talents to the cause of God and his country. In the awful famine of 1848 he went about among the poor trying to alleviate their distress.

One of his finest and most burning poems was inspired by that lamentable event. Had he chosen a parliamentary career, as at one time it was thought he might, his ardent patriotism and sound judgment would doubtless have won distinction; but he did better service to his beloved Ireland by his pen.

Great as he was as a critic, he was greater as a poet. If he failed, and he did fail, in receiving any measure of popular appreciation proportionate to the value of his poetry, it was not because it fell below the standard of excellence necessary for general appreciation, but because it rose so far above it. Of the

Main Entrance, St. Joseph's Academy, Deering, Maine.

real quality of his poems there could be no better judge than Sir Henry Taylor. Writing to a friend about a selection he was making of Aubrey de Vere's poems he says:

"I have read them, and almost all his poems many times over; I hardly know how many times—countless times; I have almost lived with them through the winter; and the ever growing effect almost convinces me of what I was only persuaded before—that they have another destiny before them than that which the word's present neglect would seem to promise. He is not the most poetical poet of this country; but of the poetical poets he is by far the most intellectual, next after, if after, Coleridge and Wordsworth. If the justness of his intellect was equal to its range and power few amongst the poets would be greater than he." And he adds:

"Twelve years have gone by since that letter was written, and the appreciation of Aubrey de Vere's poetry, although less limited than in 1864 has not extended beyond the bounds within which the appreciation of Milton and Wordsworth and Coleridge were confined for about thirty years after the publication of their best poems.

"My own faith is unshaken. It is founded chiefly upon those of his poems—and they are many,—which are thoughtful without being doctrinal or pre-eminently beautiful without being either. The faults of his poetry belonging to one period of its production are faults of exuberance. Thoughts and lights from high and low and far and near crowd in upon his mind, and singleness of effect is sacrificed. But his gifts are manifold. No man's poetry was ever more diverse in kind than his, and what is true of one kind, would be distinctly untrue if said of another. He can be gracefully light as well as profoundly obscure, pathetically simple as well as profusely ornate."

In his earlier poems Aubrey de Vere exhibited so strongly the influence of the classic spirit of Greece that he was hailed by Walter Savage Landor as worthy to continue the tradition sustained by Shelley and by Keats. Thus wrote the old poet of seventy-four summers to the young poet of whom he hoped so much:

"Welcome who last hast climbed the cloven hill,
Show us the way; we miss it young and old.
* * * * * * * * * *
Make thy proud name yet prouder for thy sons,
Aubrey de Vere!
Forsaken by its Muses and their God!
Come reascend with me the steeps of Greece
With firmer foot than mine; none stop the road,
And few will follow; we shall breath apart
That pure fresh air and drink the untroubled spring.
Lead thou the way; I knew it once; my sight

May miss old marks; lend me thy hand; press on,
Elastic is thy step; thy guidance sure."

This was in 1848 after publishing his second volume of poems entitled: "The Search After Proserpine."

"In form and finish, his every poem from the light airy lyrics to those embodying the most profound philosophy, exhibits a mastery of rhythm and the choicest spirit remains, though the aspirations breathe a perfect Catholicity."

Mr. Ward has traced his religious progress and development with the skill of one whose mind has been trained by like study and experience. In one chapter he says:

"With Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Aubrey regarded the understanding of man, and its processes of argument as inadequate to reach even those fundamental religious truths—Theism and Immortality of which Christianity is the complement and development. The infidel movement which he saw around him, which touched his own thought and made him tremble lest his belief in Christianity might be shaken, must be counteracted by a different faculty, by the higher Reason, including the intuitive spiritual perceptions. But again, such perceptions may be in the individual weak and vacillating. They may seem at times to give, in Tennyson's phrase, 'not light,' but only 'idle gleams.' They are, however, reinforced and made steady and distinct by the church, which voices the 'universal reason of the regenerate race.'

The church, too, represents the wisdom embodied in the consistant action of her saints, whereby the apprehension of spiritual truth gains the force and edge, which distinguish deep, practical conviction from the process of striking the balance of speculation. And she makes concrete in symbolical rites and dogmas the revelation of Christ Himself; while her liturgy preserves the meditations of the saints of old. What may seem in the individual consciousness an uncertain impression of the reality of the spiritual world, is thus exhibited and interpreted by the Church as a share, however partial, in the persisting and fruitful belief of the Christians of all ages and places. And such corporate belief is in reality the partial manifestation of the persistent action of the Holy Spirit in the Church. This objective confirmation of individual religious instincts redeems them from the reproach of mere "enthusiasm" indulged in as an escape from scepticism."

"So far he stands almost where Coleridge had brought him. But the further step which his mind took under pressure of later events and further observation, was that membership of the Catholic Church thus conceived as organically one, in the presence of revelation and tradition, could have no existence in communities where schisms had bred a different attitude of mind and heart to that of the early Christian disciples.

He found *underlying* Catholic theology and practice a profound philosophical system, unconscious as he expressly says, but really energizing. And this system was the concrete and practical exhibition of principles which in Coleridge had been abstract theory. Rome actually did what England could not do —she realized the idea of one church having its roots in the earliest Christian tradition, which had ever zealously guarded and taught, with an unfaltering utterance that gave edge to belief, the primary Christian truths. These truths the unregenerate reason of each Christian can apprehend and hold fast to them under the influence of the deeper and fuller wisdom of that body which claims to voice the highest universal reason of the race. The faith of the individual enables him to participate in the wisdom of the whole church."

Is it to be wondered at that Aubrey de Vere venerated the memory of Coleridge whose thought processes had brought the pupil beyond the threshold that the teacher only reached?"

"In the autumn of 1851, accompanied by Dr. Manning, afterwards Cardinal, Aubrey de Vere made a journey to Rome. While at Avignon, on the 15th of November, he was received into the Church, and from that date he found an unceasing peace and happiness in the endeavor to share with others the light that illuminated his own entire life.

He always acted upon the principle expressed in a letter written to Sara Coleridge:—

"As one's first duty to God and oneself is to act on the truth, so far as we know it, so our first duty to our friends, and the highest service we can do them, is to witness to the truth by action, since words are a weak witness. What I wish for them as for myself, now, is that we should meditate on these subjects with that *profound humility* which alone befits a creature, and could possibly win for us the grace necessary if we have the prejudice of centuries to discard."

In one of his sonnets, he shows in his own fine way the keynote of his faith and deep reverence of his character.

"Ye who would build the churches of the Lord,
See that ye make the western portals low,
Let no one enter who disdains to bow,
High truths, profanely gazed at, unadored,
Will be abused at first, at last abhorred.
And many a learned, many a lofty brow
Hath rested, pillowed on a humbler vow
Than keen logicians notice or record.
A stainless peace of blest humility!
Of all who fain would enter, few alas
Catch the true meaning of that kind, sad eye.
While thou, God's portress stationed at the door
Dost stretch thy cross so near the marble floor,
That children only, without bending, pass."

And again to show the quiet beauty of his powers of description, and the ages of faith he loved to imagine:

"Thus in mirth
And solemn talk and prayer, that brother band,
In the golden age of Faith, with great free heart
Gave thanks to God that blissful eventide,
A thousand and four hundred years and more
Gone by. But now clear rang that compline bell,
And two by two they wended towards their church
Across a space for cloisters set apart,
Yet still with wood flowers sweet, and scent beside
Of sod that evening turned. The night came on;
A dim ethereal twilight o'er the hills
Deepened to dewy gloom. Against the sky
Stood ridge and rock unmasked amid the day;
A few stars o'er them shone. As bower on bower
Let go the waning light, so bird on bird
Let go its song. Two songsters still remained,
Each feebler than a fountain soon to cease,
And claimed some while across the darkling dell,
Rivals unseen in sleepy argument,
Each the last word:—a pause; and then once more
An unexpected note:—a longer pause;
And then past hope, one other note—the last.
A moment more the brethren stood in prayer;
The rising morn upon the church roof new
Glimmered; and o'er it sang an angel choir
'Venite Sancti.' Entering soon were said
The psalm 'He giveth sleep' and hymn 'Laetare'
And in his solitary cell each Monk
Lay down, rejoicing in the love of God."

Love for God and for humanity permeates his writings, whether dwelling upon lofty themes or the commonplaces of life. Love seemed ever present in his thoughts.

"Great mystery, King, is love;
Poets its worthiness have sung in lays
Unread by ruder ones like me; and yet
Thus much the simplest and the rudest know,
Dear is the fawn to her that gave it birth,
And to the sceptred monarch, dear the child
That mounts his knee. Nor here the marvel ends;
For like yon star, the great Paternal Heart
Through all the unmeted, unimagined years,
While yet Creation uncreated hung,
A thought, a dawn streak on the verge extreme
Of lonely Godhead's inner Universe,
Panted and pants with splendor of its love,
The Eternal Sire rejoicing in the Son

And Both in Him who still from Both proceeds.
Bond of their love. Moreover, King, that Son
Who, Virgin born, raised from the ruinous gulf
Our world, and made it footstool to God's throne,
The same is Love, and died for Love and reigns;
Loveless, His Church were but a coarse stone, cold;—
Loveless, her creed were but a winter leaf
Network of barren thoughts, the cerement wan
Of Faith extinct."

Aubrey de Vere was distinguished as being the only Catholic poet, contemporary with the gifted writers of the Victorian era.

The following beautiful tribute from the pen of Mr. Ward gives us a correct and impressive record of the soul of Aubrey de Vere:

"Mark
Yon silver-breasted swan that stems the lake
Taking nor chill nor moisture! Such the soul
That floats o'er waters of a world corrupt,
Itself immaculate still."

And a yet later writer says of this great Catholic poet:

"Man's end then is not fame and base desire
Of such an end thou hadst not, for thy heart,
Which held pure motives, cherished thy dear art
Not for art's sake, but that men might aspire
Through thee to holier things that do require
A holy teaching; and the crowded mart
Heard through its turmoil, calling men apart,
A higher song, an unaccustomed lyre."

Among his works we find lives of the saints in storied form, of the legendary kings and chieftains of his own dear Ireland and of the earlier ages. His dramas "Alexander the Great" and "St. Thomas of Canterbury" are noble in character portrayal. He paraphrased the mystical teachings of St. Catherine of Genoa and presented the wonderful supernatural life of St. Francis.

Always keenly alive to the drift and tendency of his time, he endeavored in his historical poems, such as "Columbus at Seville," "The Legends of the Cid," "The Death of Copernicus" and many others to display his ideal of the true spirit that should animate the hero in action and the solitary worker in the intellectual realm. "The beauty of these separate stories is equable and full of a softened charm; but in them, too, as in the Bardic myths, there abides that distance of time, which makes them remote, as if they were not of our own."

They are highly pictorial, and in reading them, each secluded in that silent, old world air that encompasses it, one feels that here is a modern poet, like those early

painters of pious heart who spent their lives in picturing scenes from the life of Christ; and one recalls perhaps, some convent of San Marco, where each monastic cell bears on its quiet walls such scenes from the shining hand of the Florentine on whose face fell Heavens mildest light. These poems of Aubrey de Vere—to characterize them largely—are scenes from the life of Christ in Man; and there is something in them—in their gladness, their luminousness, their peace—which suggests Fra Angelico and the halo of Christian Art." And well may it be said of this illustrious and well equipped writer of the Elizabethan era "his faith was the product both of the head and he heart—the gift of thought, original research and unceasing prayer." S. H. M.

After several months litigation, Surrogate Noble of Queens County, New York, had handed down a decision in the case of the Italian children, Marie, Antonio, Adelina and Fioriggo Di Monte, aged 4, 7, 9, and 11 respectively, at present inmates of the Home under the auspices of the Industrial School under Methodist auspices. As the little ones were children of Catholic parents, and had been placed in this home with a view of changing their religion, the case was taken to the courts with the result that the following important decision was finally given: "The testimony given on the trial of this matter sustains the petition in every respect except that I do not believe the guardian intended to deceive the court by stating in her petition that she was the aunt of the infants instead of their cousin.

"The acts complained of, in view of the decisions are according to the common law, sufficient to cause the removal of the guardian and the appointment of one who will give the infants proper religious, moral and mental training.

"The guardian is, therefore, removed. There being no relative in this country to whom the care and custody of the persons and estates of the infants can be given as guardian, I would suggest that the Rev. James J. Higgins make application for that purpose."

Father Higgins will undoubtedly petition for the appointment, will remove the children from the present institution where they are supported by the Methodist church and place them in a Catholic home.

Father Denys, a Leaf from His Diary

One of the saddest, yet at times most consoling books a priest after several years on the mission, has to turn over, is his diary. When he receives his first appointment he begins to record the various happenings that come to break up the monotony of his priestly life in a small out of the way parish. We say monotony; he has of course his duties each day, the keeping up of his seminary practices, his daily meditation and mass, his time worn books, a letter now and then to some friend far away like himself on the mission, in which he finds a little consolation in recalling bygone scenes and days when their interests seemed to glide peacefully along the stream of their school life.

Again a brother priest may think of him in his isolated parish and drop in to see how he is getting along. Thus flow the sands of his life from day to day for many a year. Time however does not rest heavily on him; he is a busy man, both at home and abroad and has learned the ins and outs of the few good people entrusted to his care.

It is perhaps a winter evening. A driving northeast storm has been in progress all day; his usual constitutional has been abandoned because of the inclement weather; he has only ventured to the post office for his morning and evening mail. A long letter has come to him from a town in the far west, one where Catholics are few and far between. The missive is a long one and begins with his now familiar appelation:

"My dear Father Denys:—

"Looking over an Eastern paper a few days ago, I chanced across your name, and I have since been wondering if you are the Paul Denys, with whom I spent so many years at 'The Mountain,' and finally decided to write you. I would gladly have used the familiar term My dear Paul as I used to do in the long ago when we were accustomed to write each other our experiences during our summer vacation when you went North and I returned to my Western prairie home, but the passing of time seemed to have rendered you more formal to me than of yore.

"You may perhaps not easily remember the one who was so often your companion on these holiday excursions we used to take far away across the south land fields in search of recreation, the early cherries, the summer flowers, or the autumn fruits. You may perhaps recall the 'Ball Games,' the outs and ins we had with the umpire. You may perhaps recollect the last day of graduation year when the time had come for us to

decide on our future career, how after years of uncertainty and no great success in my studies, I finally gave up my aspirations to the Altar and with the advice of good Father M., decided to seek the service of the Lord in a humbler career. With these few reminders of the past, Jimmie Kelley, the baseball fiend from Dakota, the winner of many a hard fought battle on the field of athletics, the one always able to lead in sports, but who was obliged to follow the procession in his studies, may come before you.

I may perhaps be presuming to address you, Father, but the mention of your name has encouraged me to write you once again 'for the sake of old.' Then we were so friendly during those happy years, that I thought perhaps you might be interested in the fate of Kelly, the first in games but the last in his studies. So I am going to briefly outline my humble career thus far if I may presume on your old time forbearance.

"To make a long story short, when school closed in June '82 after a few days' sight seeing in Washington, I took the train for Chicago where I made a few calls on the 'Boys,' who like yourself were going to enter the Seminary in the fall. I had always cherished the idea of becoming a priest, and you may perhaps hardly realize how hard it was for me to leave them, knowing as I did that they and you were endowed for and called to that sublime vocation to which I had long fondly aspired, but which I must now relinquish and return to a humbler and what seemed to me a less useful calling. In a few days I went home to Dakota. Here I found things much changed. Mother, never well, had greatly failed during my last ten months at college; but father, had during the spring contacted a severe cold which developed pneumonia leaving him but a shadow of his old time self. Poor father, he had always been wont to meet me at the station on my return home. But it was my sister Alice who now welcomed me on my landing from the evening train. You perhaps will remember Alice: I used often to speak of her during our holiday rambles at "The Mountain." After the first brotherly and sisterly greetings, I asked for Mother, for Father, for my brother Jack and little sister Mary. "Father and Mother are not as well as we would like to see them," replied Alice, who then went on to explain the situation. "But why did you not write me all this," I asked her. "Well," said Alice, "Papa and Mama did not want to worry you; they thought it best to let you finish, for you know their hearts were so set on your becoming a priest." So you see, Father, my home coming was not a happy one. I controlled my feelings as best I could, retiring to my room after a few hours of forced cheerfulness not to sleep but to pray and plan for the future. My duty was now clear. My place was at home.

"Meeting father in the garden the following morning, I asked him how he felt. 'Not too well, my boy,' he replied.

" 'Perhaps a little rest will do you good, Father,' I replied. 'I do not know, son,' he sadly said, 'but I have a feeling here,' placing his hand on his heart, 'which I fear does not promise well for the future.'

"This was the opportune moment. 'Father,' I said, 'you have always looked to my future, let me now look to yours.'

" 'I cannot disappoint you, my child,' he quietly replied, 'you have always wished to be a priest, and I have longed to see you one.' 'But supposing God wills otherwise,' I added, 'supposing after a faithful trial, He gives me to understand that my vocation is elsewhere than at the altar, in other words that He wishes me to serve Him in another calling, would you be still disappointed.'

" 'Should such be the case, my child,' answered Father, 'then blessed be His holy will.'

There was no doubt about father and mother's disappointment, but I think they found much consolation in my entire willingness to take up the burdens at home. Believe me, Father, they were not long in coming. Day by day, Father gradually weakened, showed no response to the various remedies suggested, until one pleasant September day, just the anniversary of my departure for College, he suddenly, yet not unexpectedly left us.

"All along mother had bravely borne all her trials, both for ours and father's sake. But as we returned from the funeral, to our desolate fireside, mother took to her bed, never to leave it alive.

"A few weeks later, she called me to her bedside, taking my hand in hers, said 'James, my dear boy, I am going to leave you. It will now be your duty to take up your father's work and mine In a reasonable time after I am gone, get married and keep the home together.' 'Don't speak of that, mother,' I cried.

" 'It is God's will my son,' she said, 'His will must be ours; you know Agnes Daily well; she is about your age; you and she went to school together; I know she has long loved you, but her love for you has been as pure as the newly fallen snow; she well knew our hopes and your aspirations, and would be the last of God's creatures to keep you from your holy calling. Now that His will is so evident, it is my dying wish that you take your father's place and ask her to fill mine.'

"Poor mother, one week later, just as the leaves were beginning to fall, we laid her in the village cemetery by the side of him who had been her faithful companion on through life, and as dear Father Farrell blessed her last resting place, and we returned to our desolate home, I truly felt, that the sacrifice asked of us was no unusual one. I tried, however, to comfort Jack and little Mary as best I could. And Alice, noble girl! I do not think I ever met her equal. She was the bravest of us all.

"Winter came, the days and months seemed long and cold. There was little joy about the fireside, for we could not seem to think of aught else save father and mother. Night after night, we kept up the old custom, and offered up before retiring, our rosary for their eternal repose.

"Spring at last came, and with the budding forth of Nature, I began to follow father's custom in preparing the soil for the seed. One evening, as I was toiling in the garden, Alice came and sat on a rustic seat beneath a weeping birch and watched me for some little time as I slowly and sadly turned the soil. She seemed in a pensive mood, sadder than usual. 'What is the matter, Alice,' I said. 'Nothing much, James,' she added, 'but did you ever think of what I might do in life?' 'Why what should you do except to stay and help me keep the home,' I answered.

" 'That is not altogether necessary, James,' she replied. The noble girl then went on to tell me that all the time I had been at college, she was preparing in the silence of her heart to enter the cloister. 'You have often told me of the good sisters at "The Mountain;" I feel that the Lord has prepared a place for me at the bedside of the sick to soothe the pains of the living, to cheer the souls of the dying. Mother and I talked this over before she died. She told me what she would like to see you do.'

"This was in May. In September I led Agnes Daily to the Altar. Alice was our bridesmaid.

"This was fifteen years ago. Alice is now a sister of Charity in one of your eastern cities. Brother Jack, who was ten years old when father and mother died, has just graduated from college with honors, and is now in the Seminary. Little Mary, a child of six when left in my care, is now a lovely young lady. She graduated from a boarding school in Chicago last June and is now in Trinity."

" 'But what about me and Agnes, you may ask, Father?' I realize that I have perhaps already trespassed too far on your kind indulgence and your valuable time.

"The village in which we live has grown very rapidly, thus rendering our farm very valuable. Most of it has been cut into house lots. It is now fifteen years since Agnes Daily and I pledged ourselves as man and wife before the altar of the Lord. God has blessed our union. Six little ones now sit around our table, and as we kneel in prayer before retiring, I cannot help thinking, that if the Lord in His mercy hath sent me sorrows, in abundance, He has also sent me joys.

"Believe me, dear Father Paul,

Your old and tried friend,

Jimmie Kelly."

Paul Denys rising went to his desk, opening a well filled draw in which he kept his mementoes of long ago, took therefrom an old time worn diary. Turning over its yellowed pages, he came

to June 24, 18—, where he read "Washington—Jimmie Kelley and I separated today, he taking the train for the West, and I the steamer for the North." "Yes, Jimmie," said Father Denys, talking to himself, "I remember you; you were the soul of honor in the games, you were honest in your studies. I feel that your present prosperous and happy state is only a foretaste of what is in store for you; while there are many callings in life, all equally noble, the same reward awaits us all, and only he who conforms to God's will may attain it."

The shades of the winter evening thickened, and as the pensive priest sat before the expiring embers in his fireplace, the leaf from his diary, brought back many a glowing remembrance of his former days, and as he laid the treasured book and letter carefully away, he might have been heard to remark, "If life hath its sorrows, it also has its joys."

A NOCTURNE.

Deep in the dark I hear the feet of God;
He walks the world; He puts His holy hand
On every sleeper—only puts his hand—
Within it benedictions for each one—
Then passes on; but ah! whene'er He meets
A watcher waiting for Him, He is glad.
(Does God, like man, feel lonely in the dark?)
He rests his hand upon the watcher's brow—
But more than that, He leaves His very breath
Upon the watcher's soul; and more than this,
He stays for holy hours where watchers pray;
And more than that, He offtimes lifts the veils
That hide the visions of the world unseen.
The brightest sanctities of highest souls.
Have blossomed into beauty in the dark.
How extremes meet! the very darkest crimes
That blight the souls of men are strangely born
Beneath the shadows of the holy night.
Deep in the dark I hear His holy feet—
Around Him rustle archangelic wings;
He lingers by the temple where His Christ
Is watching in His Eucharistic sleep;
And where poor hearts in sorrow cannot rest,
He lingers there to soothe their weariness,
Where mothers weep above the dying child,
He stays to bless the mother's bitter tears,

And consecrates the cradle of her child,
Which is to her her spirit's awful cross.
He shudders past the haunts of sin—yet leaves
—E'er there a mercy for the wayward hearts.
Still as a shadow through the night He moves
With hands all full of blessings, and with heart
All full of everlasting love; Ah! me,
How God does love this poor and sinful world!
The stars behold Him as He passes on,
And arch His path of mercy with their rays;
The stars are grateful—He gave them their light,
And now they give Him back the light He gave;
The shadows tremble in adoring awe;
They feel His presence and they know His face.
The shadows, too, are grateful—could they pray,
How they would flower all His way with prayers!
The sleeping trees wake up from all their dreams—
Were their leaves lips, ah! me, how they would sing
A grand Magnificat, as His Mary sang.
The lowly grasses and the fair-faced flowers
Watch their Creator as He passes on,
And mourn they have no hearts to love their God,
And sigh they have no souls to be beloved.
Man—only man—the image of his God—
Lets God pass by when He walks forth at night.

FATHER RYAN.

The Easter Lilies

It was a cold foggy evening and a gloom lay over the city, that was not altogether accounted for by the usual smoke and fog. The Cathedral clock struck six, and the streets were full of mill hands on their way home from work. Bands of men with dinner pails, women and girls shivering and drawing their scanty wraps more closely around them hurried along through the cold clammy atmosphere that had settled over the city at sundown. A hard frost had suddenly set in the day before and held the earth in a grip of iron, giving a finishing touch of misery to an already sorely suffering population. Those who were hurrying homeward now were the fortunate ones who were still able to work, but to every one who was still at work, six were playing; for most of the factories had stopped for lack of coal.

A few still held out, and these might stop any day. In many a home where comfort and plenty had always reigned, there was not even a crust to give the hungry children. If the frost continued, it would stop all out of door labor and conditions seemed as bad as they well could be.

Two mill girls, walking along arm in arm, stopped their noisy chatter for a few moments and gazed with awe and delight into a florist's window where were displayed row upon row of beautiful snowy Easter lilies, such as Solomon had not for his raiment.

Just then a young boy turned the corner in such haste as to dash against the girls and drop a half pint jar of milk to the pavement. Every atom was spilled. The lad looked bewildered and helpless.

"Are you out, Jimmie?" asked one.

"Don't tease him, Nannie, the boy has lost the milk and perhaps has no chance of getting any more."

Jimmie did not attempt any solution of the difficulty, he simply retraced his steps homeward. He was an awkward lad of fifteen but had a strong, intelligent face and kindly blue eyes that just now were filled with a pained expression of disappointment.

"Come here and look at the flowers! See those Easter lilies," called Nannie mischievously, "Don't you wish you had one?"

"I wish I had my supper" muttered Jimmie, but he spoke almost indifferently. He was so well used now to going without his meals that when he appeared at the time he should have them it was more from habit than the hope of finding anything.

Jimmie and his sister often went hungry that they might buy for their mother a small quantity of milk that the doctor said she must have in order to keep her alive.

She was suffering from a severe attack of pneumonia and nourishment needed to restore her strength was not to be had. It was no wonder that she daily grew more despondent. "Few are improved by sickness, and Mrs. Whitley was no exception to the rule, as an overwhelming and increasing weakness is harder to bear than actual suffering. Her daughter had tended her with most angelic patience, but her own strength was giving way under fasting and fatigue.

"Well, James," the mother said as he entered, turning a wan, wasted face towards the door. She was propped up in a large oldfashioned rocking chair close to the stove in which a wretched fire of cinders and rubbish smouldered rather than burned.

"Well, Mother," said the boy cheerfully.

"Idle again tomorrow, I suppose?"

"Don't know yet, it may thaw before then. Are you any better, Mother?"

"Better, me better? No, my lad, and I'm not likely to get better when neither bite nor sup has passed my lips today; to think I should ever have come to this."

"Now, now mother," said Mary, "you have had your milk at dinner time. James, where is mother's supper?"

With a broken voice James told the story of his mishap.

"And me like to sink through the floor with weakness—oh, may the Lord have mercy on me and take me out of this misery," groaned the sick woman.

"Don't mother, don't," pleaded Jimmie, putting down a crust, which he was too miserable to swallow. Mary managed to pour out a little weak tea and carried it with a small piece of dry toast she had managed to make to her mother.

"Come now, mother," she said, "cheer up, do, and drink your tea while it is hot."

"Tea! where did it come from, Mary?"

"Never mind, drink it, mother. Go on with your tea, Jimmy," she said in her quiet decided voice. "Mother's only poorly tonight, she'll be better in the morning."

"Never," said the poor woman, but already the comforting cup of tea was taking effect and she spoke less despairingly.

Mary drank a little of the tea herself—the bread she felt would choke her—it was, with the tea, the gift of a neighbor better off than herself; and she almost hated the good woman who had bestowed it upon her, her whole soul was set against the misery and poverty that was oppressing them. Hitherto her faith and trust in God had upheld her in all her trials, but today had been more than she could bear. Cold, hunger, anxiety for the future, the querulous complaints of her sick

mother, and her own helplessness had filled her cup to overflowing.

Leaving James to finish his meagre supper alone, she mounted a rickety pair of stairs to her own poor garret chamber. She felt that she must be alone. How could she bear the life any longer. Surely she had been patient; she had waited and hoped; she would be patient now for that matter—there would soon be an end of it all. Her mother could not last much longer, and then she could starve in the streets as well as anywhere else, and there would be nothing left to live for when her mother was gone. Her cheeks burned and her eyes felt as if they had live coals behind them.

Three years before home had been a happy one, in a very fine part of the city, her father being foreman in a large iron foundry.

"I wonder why I was born," said the poor girl aloud.

"Are you coming, Mary?" called Jimmie at the foot of the stairs.

"Coming where?" said Mary running down hurriedly—the sudden call had startled her.

"Have you forgotten that tomorrow will be First Friday?"

"I'm not going to church tonight," said Mary pettishly, thinking in her heart "the Lord does not care for me anyhow." She felt as if she never wanted to go to church again.

James looked puzzled but he took his cap and departed in silence.

"You never miss the First Friday Communion, Mary, are you not well?" said her mother gently.

"I am well enough, Mother, do not worry. I do not want to go, that is all," answered Mary with a set stony expression on her usually calm and peaceful contenance.

In a few minutes the door opened and the girl who had teased James earlier in the evening looked in and asked Mary if she were ready.

"Do not wait for me, Nannie, I am not going tonight," answered Mary with a quiver of her set lips.

"Oh," answered the girl, "I thought you were." She looked at the mother for an explanation but as there was none forthcoming she left as quietly and quickly as she had come.

The mother's heart awoke at once; it was little wonder that the girl's patience had given way, she had gone through so much of late without a murmur. She thought with a pang how much she herself had tried her by her complaints and murmurings. She resolved to be more patient in the future and looking into the tender, pleading eyes of the picture of our Blessed Lord upon the opposite wall she murmured a prayer, a heartfelt aspiration for her poor Mary. Why should Mary miss her communion, she had such faith in her devotions, especially those of the First Fridays?

Meanwhile quite a different scene had been enacted in the flower shop outside of which the two factory girls had stood admiring the beautiful lilies.

Madame Wayington, who lived in a fine old mansion in the most exclusive part of the city, surrounded by luxuries within and without, had sent an order for several dozens of these same snowy lilies as a gift to the Convent chapel where her daughter Helen was at school. The lilies were to have reached the convent that evening at six o'clock. The hour had passed—no lilies came. Helen was anxious. She inquired of the Sister Sacristan who advised her to wait until seven as oftentimes the orders had been delayed. Helen had adorned the beautiful chapel altar with lilies for eight successive First Fridays, this was to be the last of the novena of offerings in the thanksgiving for the conversion of her dear father.

At seven o'clock Helen went to the telephone and told her mother of her dilemma. Madame Wayington was quite displeased that the florist should have been so very careless in the matter and sent a messenger with a pointed demand as to the fate of the lilies. After some search and delay it was found that one of the new clerks just at work during the busy season had mistaken the address. The lilies had been delivered at No. 230 Breen street instead of No. 230 Brown street where the beautiful Academy was located. The messenger whirled away to Breen street, stopped before a poor tenement, climbed two pairs of bare, clean stairs and rapped at a once painted door marked C of 230. Mary Whitley opened the door. "Lady," said the messenger politely doffing his cap, "have any flowers been brought here by mistake?" He had scarcely uttered the words before his eyes lighted with a gleam of joy. The little table of the poor room was covered with beautiful Easter lilies —superbly regal and indifferently reposing with stately loveliness in contrast with the bare and unattractive surroundings.

"Ah! I knew it was a great mistake, Mary, those never could have come to us. Our old friends have long since forgotten us. Tell the young man at the door that he can hire a vehicle next door, down stairs," said Mrs. Whitley sadly.

Mary gave the message and in a half hour the beauty and fragrance that had come like a message from the Sacred Heart had vanished again. "It was, indeed, a sweet message of the Sacred Heart calling you back to love and trust again. Mary, dear, go to church and thank the Sacred Heart for this sweet sign and favor," said the mother.

The girl arose put on her hat and cloak and went to church to make her peace with God. All bitterness vanished from her heart. Its pain was swallowed up in the assurance that in some way the Loving Heart of Our Saviour would set all things right.

The brother and the sister were among the first in the church next morning for the half-past five Mass. It was a thaw, too, and a drizzling rain was falling—James would go to work—the canals would open. As he was going out after a brief thanksgiving a young man who was kneeling in the back of the church accosted him politely and said his mistress wished to have the name and address of the young lady who was with him. James gave his sister's name and the address of their humble abode. About ten o'clock that morning an automobile stopped before No. 230 Breen street and a richly but quietly dressed woman stepped out mounted the rickety stairs and rapped at the door marked "C". Madame Wayington stared aghast, for the invalid wan and weak wrapped in quilts and blankets, faded and worn indeed, was none other than her long lost sister.

"Oh, Jane, I am overjoyed at finding you again. All my efforts seemed in vain. Thank God—I have you at last."

Mary knelt before the picture of the Sacred Heart and sobbed aloud her gratitude and her deep contrition.

"MIRIAM MARLAND"

St. Joseph's, Deering, Me

The Catholic Church in Maine

The Kennebec.

The return of the humble missionary from the field of his labors brought joy to the hearts of his brethren at Sillery. Without any great stretch of the imagination, we may place before us the scene of general rejoicing as he unfolded before them the tale of his journey, the report of his successes. His trip without doubt filled with dangers, has been briefly outlined by the great American historian Bancroft who in Vol. III, page 135-136, thus summarizes the enterprise: "In August, 1646, Father Gabriel Druillettes, first of Europeans, made the long and painful journey from the St. Lawrence to the sources of the Kennebec, and descending that stream to its mouth, in a bark canoe continued his roamings on the open sea along the coast. Who can tell all the hazards that were encountered? The sharp rocks in the channel of the river were full of perils for the frail canoe; winter turned the solitudes into a wilderness of snow; the rover, Christian or pagan, must carry with him his house, his furniture, and his food. But the Jesuit succeeded in winning the affections of the savages; and, after a pilgrimage of ten months, an escort of thirty conducted him to Quebec, full of health and joy."

Of his joy there could be no doubt. The dangers encountered were already forgotten. The fruits of his labors alone formed the subject of their heart to heart considerations. He could tell them, of his controversies with the medicine men and the soothsayers; of his simple yet effective instructions to the braves as they sat around their council fires of the dying to whom he had opened the gates of heaven; of the little ones regenerated in the saving waters of baptism; of the many happy hours spent in work so filled with consolations for the missionary; of the scenes so beautifully endowed by nature, now offering such abundant harvest for their future labors; of his pleasant associations with the Pilgrim traders at Cushnoc; finally of his ardent desire to return at once to a field so filled with promise.

But these happy June days spent by the fathers, pacing perchance to and fro along the shady walks at Sillery, talking over the reports and prospects of their parish on the Kennebec, came to an end none too soon, for the worthy pastor of "Our Lady of the Assumption" who already longed to renew services in the little chapel on the river bank just above Cushnoc.

He may perhaps have already began his preparations to depart, when strange to relate other messengers arrived from

Maine, the bearers of letters from the fathers at Pentegoet, requesting the Jesuits to abandon their work along the Kennebec.

It is not clear just why the good Capuchins could have found any objections to Father Druillettes presence on the Kennebec. While some historians hold that they had a small hospice at or near the mouth of the river, yet there are no certain data which indicate that such was the case. They may perhaps have been frequent visitors to its waters as they were to other parts of our State, but there are no indications that they held any intercourse with the Indians of the Kennebec or visited the various trading posts along its waters. They seem in fact to have busied themselves little if any with the Indians, devoting their time largely to missionary work among the many French seamen who used to then frequent our coasts.

Left to themselves, we feel that the Capuchins would rather have welcomed the presence of the Jesuits on the Kennebec, but with the struggle for Empire in the new world between France and England, already under way,it is possible that Father Druillettes' intimacy with the Pilgrim traders, and his friendly intercourse with their colonists, led the French authorities to intimate through the priests at Castine that they would not welcome his return, or look with favor on any further advances of the Jesuit missionaries in the fields of Maine.

The Indians who had meanwhile become anxious over the delay, it was now about the first of August, apparently sent other messengers to urge the return of their pastor. That the letters from the Capuchins were sent by way of Narantsouac would seem evident from the Jesuit Journal, where under date of August 3 or 4, 1647, the superior, Father Lalemant writes "On the 3rd or 4th of August, the Abnakis asked for an opportunity to thank me for Father Druillettes visit among them, and requested his return. But as they had brought letters from the Capuchin fathers, asking us not to return, I declined, giving them for answer, the reply which I had written on this subject to the Capuchins.

The Abbe Maurault in his history of the Abenakis, states that they again asked for Father Druillettes return the following year, but were told that this could not well be done since it was not agreeable to the Capuchins. The Indians now seem to have transferred the question from Sillery to the Capuchin house at Pentegoet with the result that the superior, Father Cosme de Mante whatever may have been the Capuchin objection heretofore, deemed it best to grant the Abenakis their request for the return of their Patriarch as they lovingly called their devoted father.

Did Father Cosmas entrust a personal letter addressed to the Jesuit Superior at Quebec, or did he send the same by special courier? We do not know. The Jesuit Journal for July, 1648, states that "it was determined in the consultation that if the Abnakis asked again for the Father he was to be sent."

This may mean that the Indians had already informed the authorities at Quebec of the removal of the Capuchin objections, when this resolution was taken, but that it was judged wiser to delay a little longer. The messengers were probably told to bring a letter from Father Cosmas proving that he was willing to have Father Druillettes again take up his work at St. Mary's of the Assumption. In the summer of 1650, the Abenakis delegates again came to Quebec bringing with them a letter from the Capuchin superior. Dating his message from Pentegoet, 1648, Father Cosmas de Mante said, "Through the holy love of Jesus and Mary for the salvation of these poor souls towards the south who beg it of you, we entreat your Reverence to give them every assistance that your courageous and indefatigable charity can bestow, and, even if crossing the Kennebec you should meet any of ours, you will please us if you will make known your needs to them; and if you have none we ask you to continue your holy instructions to those poor and abandoned barbarians as much as your charity will permit." This whole souled letter settled the question. The way was now clear for the superior of the Jesuits, Father Ragueneau to permit Father Druillettes to return among those so eager for his presence.

Shea's Colonial Days after stating that Father Druillettes returned to Quebec in June 1646, says, "That he fully expected to continue his mission but that he was soon followed by another Indian party who bore a letter from the Capuchins, deprecating the establishment of a mission in territory specially assigned to them. The Superior of the Jesuit missions in Canada at once relinquished a field that seemed full of promise.

But the struggle between La Tour and Sieur Aulnay de Chamisay having rendered their stay doubtful, Father Cosmas de Mante and Gabriel de Joinville visited Canada, and were in 1648 at the Indian mission at Sillery. The former evidently convinced by the results he witnessed, addressed the Jesuit Superior begging him to renew the Abenakis mission."

The coming of September 1st, 1650 saw the good father again on his way to the Kennebec. But he was now coming not only as a devoted missionary, but also as the specially appointed delegate from the French authorities at Quebec to the New England Colonies.

The savage Iroquois had long since severely pressed against the infant settlements along the St. Lawrence. Many an unfortunate settler had been sacrificed or led to pitiless captivity. Just a few years previous, Oct. 18th, 1646, on the banks of the Mohawk near Ossernenon, the heroic Jogues had suffered death at their hands; on the 16th of March, 1649, at St. Ignatius II, the Saintly John de Brebeuf had been sent to his death by these same fiends; the following day, pious Gabriel Lalemant after 16 hours of untold torture at their hands had yielded up his pure soul to God. July 4th, 1648, their lovable brother priest and

missionary Anthony Daniel had been stricken down at his chapel door by these same marauders, so it was therefore with reason that Father Druillettes had been commissioned to visit the New England colonial governors with the hope that some arrangement might be made for their mutual protection against this tireless and terrible enemy.

On his second trip to the Kennebec, Father Druillettes had as companions, the Abenakis delegates and the ever faithful Sillery Chief, Noel Negabamat.

In his personal narrative of his journey the father says "I left Quebec for this mission on the first day of September, by order of my superior and with a passport and leave of absence from Monsieur d'Aillebousts, lieutenant-general of the King and governor on all the river Saint Lawrence. About three weeks later the party arrived at Narantsouac where they tarried for a few days after which they continued on to Coussinoc which was reached on the eve of the feast of St. Michael, September 27th, 1650.

More than three years had now passed since Father Druillettes had been among his parishioners on the Kennebec. We may therefore well imagine the great commotion caused in the little village of Narantsouac when the swift couriers brought in the glad tiding that the faithful father was now on his way back. That his presence was eagerly awaited among them is amply evidenced by the repeated petitions and pleas made at Quebec for his return. It was on a September day that he had first came a stranger. It is again September, and as he leaves his canoe just above present Madison Village to take the Indian trail around the falls, his heart must have been moved by the enthusiastic greetings which poured out from every side. Many had doubtless gone up the river to meet him to join his triumphal entrance to their village. "I see well" said the Indian Chief, "that the Great Spirit who rules in the heavens, vouchsafes to look on us with favor, since He sends our patriarch back to us."

The usual round of missionary work at once began; the family lodges were visited; the sick consoled; the children christened; and services renewed in the little fir-tree chapel on the river side, for while we do not find any mention of the erection of a chapel thus early at Narantsouac, we may be reasonably certain that at least one primitive structure bore the cross among the cabins of old Narantsouac beneath whose shadow, the missionary when there did not fail to daily offer the Eternal Sacrifice.

These few days soon passed by,—but they were days filled with joy and blessings for all who gathered to welcome the return of Father Druillettes to "Old Point."

Similar scenes were no doubt enacted in and about the Chapel of Our Lady of the Assumption, ere the good father

again partook of the Pilgrim's hospitality at Cushnoc. Here after the usual greetings common to friends, the discussion of their mutual interests and the views of their respective governments was taken up.

In the narrative of his journey as given in "The Jesuit Relations," Vol. 36, pages 83-84, Father Druillettes says; "I arrived on Michælmas eve at this highest settlement of the English—which, alike by the English and Savages, is called Coussinoc; and on the folowing day, the festival of him whom we took for patron and guide on our journey, Noel and I conversed with the Agent of that settlement, accompanied by the Abnaquiois, to whom we had spoken on the way."

It was decided as a result of their interview, that they should all go to Plymouth and lay the matter before Governor Bradford, so that he might give due consideration to "the message of the Christians of Scillery, and the Catechumens of the Kennebec river."

John Winslow's reception of the missionary was particularly cordial, and he evidenced his "kindly dispositions" by volunteering to accompany them on their visit to the Governor." I love and respect the patriarch," said agent Winslow, "I will lodge him at my house, and will treat him as my own brother; for I know very well the good that he does among you, and the life which he there leads."

The happy relations of his former visit were thus renewed at the Plymouth trading post, and the humble son of Loyola again found himself a welcome guest at the Pilgrim's table.

Obituaries

"Consummatus in brevi explevit tempora multa."
Wisdom IV-13.

After a course humanely speaking much too brief, the Reverend Alphonse C. Larivière passed from this life at Augusta, Maine, the twenty-sixth day of March, 1914, at 5 A. M. Thus did a Merciful Providence bring to a close after many weeks of suffering the life of a worthy priest, an esteemed confrère, and a beloved pastor of souls. Once more is our diocese of Portland bereft of a valued laborer whom it could ill spare; and to add to the keenness of our sorrow, our Bishop could not be there to share our grief.

There is comfort however in the knowledge that Death was a visitor in this instance neither unexpected nor unwelcome. Almost a year ago its dread approach was announced and preparation was made for its coming. It might delay, and yet was relatively near. After the New Year the malady, which an operation had failed to eradicate, asserted itself once more and our priestly Brother took to the bed he was never in life to leave. His interest in his parish and the souls entrusted to him remained nevertheless unwavering to the last. His sunny nature triumphed over the excruciating suffering which racked his body and throughout the prolonged weeks of agonizing pain his strong faith held him up. Even when brotherly and priestly charity compelled plain-speaking, he rose superior to natural human fear and bowed in willing submission to the Divine Will. Nothing can show better his christian peace and gladness than his singing of the hymn he had loved from childhood when for the last time he received the Bread of Life and the Pilgrim's Staff and after those about him had failed in an effort to do so at his request. His strength gradually but quickly waned; and so came to a worthy, christian, priestly end, though untimely, a life of honorable, devoted service in the House of God.

Born in Montreal December the twenty-sixth, 1867, he went in 1872 with his worthy parents, Alphonse C. Larivière and Marie Bourdeau, to Saint-Boniface, Manitoba, where he grew into manhood. He studied at Saint-Boniface College and won the Arts' degrees of Bachelor and Master at the University of Manitoba. Then began at the Grand Seminary of Montreal the immediate preparation for the priesthood which had been his aim and ambition from childhood; and his dearest wish was

granted when he received priestly ordination at the hands of Archbishop Taché in his home-city of Saint-Boniface, in 1890, under a dispensation made necessary by want of canonical age. So was fulfilled the promise of his earliest years when, like Samuel in the Temple of old, he had heard the voice of God calling and had spoken his "Adsum."

Appointed assistant in the parish of Saint-Pierre, Manitoba, he labored for two years in that capacity before he was made pastor of Saint-Malo. There he spent himself until he came to our diocese of Portland in 1896. To our people therefore he has devoted the best years of his life. Two years he spent in Westbrook as assistant to the lamented Father Descelles, and about as long in Whitefield and Damariscotta as pastor of the oldest parish in the diocese. In 1899 he was put in charge of the Presque Isle parish only to have the church destroyed by fire before he could take possession; and he set himself to the task of rebuilding it. There he lived and labored for eight years amid conditions spiritual and material such as might have disheartened a less devoted priest. To his self-sacrificing work is due, under God's blessing, the improved financial and religious state of things at the time of his turning over the burden to another, to assume the care of the parish of Saint Augustine, Augusta, in 1907. Death found him at his post here, laboring for his people always, yet finding time to devote some of his native ability to civil matters, thereby earning for himself respect and esteem, and general appreciation for the Church he loved and had devotedly served. A loss he is to the parish he leaves in such flourishing condition, to the diocese to which he came nearly twenty years ago, to his brother-priests whose love and affection he had won by his lovable ways and unfailing courtesy.

Saturday morning, at ten o'clock of the twenty-eighth, priests and people were gathered about the remains for the last solemn rites. Though the day was not convenient for a clerical gathering, some fifty priests were present to do him honor, with the Vicar General, Right Reverend M. C. McDonough, at their head; while many who could not stay for the mass had come for the willing tribute of a prayer at the bier and departed whither duty called. The good people of Saint Augustine's filled the church to over-flowing and even the Civil Power was represented by distinguished members from its ranks.

The office for the dead was chanted and then followed the celebration of the August Sacrifice by the Right Reverend Vicar General, who also imparted the last absolution. A life-long friend of the deceased, the Reverend Eugene Gauthier, preached the eulogy which told of the early vocation, the too short, though fruitful, life, and the touching, christian death. After the absolution the Right Reverend Vicar General spoke a

word of sympathy to the bereaved family, the widowed parish, and the sorrowing city.

Later in the day the remains were started on the long journey to their last resting-place in Saint-Boniface, Manitoba.

It is sad to think of one yet in the prime of life snatched away when he could have done so much for the Church. But God deemed the measure of his good works filled and called him to his reward. Mindful that what is our loss is his gain, it would ill become us to murmur or bemoan his passing from our midst. Rather should we ask that he receive without delay the reward of his untiring labors. "May he rest in peace" is the heartfelt prayer of his people and of his brother-priests.

Few men in the public life of the state during the last decade were better known or more highly esteemed than Hon. James Donahue of Rockland whose death occurred at Augusta, March 1st, this year. He was to have been one of the speakers at a meeting of prominent men held in the capitol, Feb. 27th, to devise ways and means to promote the industrial prosperity of Maine; but, stricken with a fatal illness the day before, he was unable to carry out his part in the program.

Mr. Donahue was born on Dix Island Oct. 3rd, 1856, of Florence Donahue and Mary Madden. Both his parents were natives of County Cork, Ireland. When they took up their temporary abode on this barren rock in Penobscot Bay, the granite industry was at its height; and his father, being a skilled mechanic, found little difficulty in obtaining a lucrative position among the stone workers. Young Donahue attended the Island school and after completing the elementary course it afforded, he continued his studies in Rockland. His surviving schoolmates remember him as a boy of unusual talent, a hard worker and a loyal chum.

The greater part of his early religious training was had at the hands of his father. True, the Parish Priest of Rockland was wont to celebrate Mass on the island once or twice a month; and on the occasion of his visit, to give the children a short instruction on the chief truths of the Catholic religion. But the father of James Donahue knew well that one hour's instruction a month in Christian Doctrine was hardly enough to implant deep in the minds and hearts of his children the virtue of religion. Hence he made it a rule that up to the time of Confirmation, they were to have a lesson in catechism, if possible, every day.

His school days in Rockland ended, young James returned to Dix Island and set about learning the blacksmith's trade. So diligently did he apply himself to this task, that at the age of

sixteen he was earning the highest wages then paid for that kind of work. In his twentieth year he moved with the family to Rockland where he made his home till the time of his death.

For some years he was successfully engaged in the grocery business. Later, he organized the Rockland Fish Co., one of the best known fish concerns on the coast. In 1897, Gov. Cobb appointed him Commissioner of Sea and Shore Fisheries. He was the first Catholic to be appointed to such a position in Maine; and the way he fulfilled the duties of that office won for him the reputation of being the most competent Fish Commissioner the State ever had.

A few years prior to this, he attracted attention by the able manner in which he safeguarded the interests of Maine fishermen in Washington. It was while the Hay-Bond Treaty was up for consideration, the first time, before the Committee on Foreign Relations. This treaty aimed at giving Newfoundland the right to ship cured fish into the United States, free of duty. Realizing what hardship such an arrangement would work to the fishermen of his native State, Mr. Donahue fought against it with all his might and succeeded in having it laid aside for the time being. When this treaty came up a second time for consideration by the same body, Mr. Donahue was again chosen to oppose it. While he was presenting his protest, President Roosevelt was an attentive listener. When he had concluded, the President congratulated him warmly, adding at the same time: I have learned a great deal about the fishing industry, Mr. Donahue; you may go back and tell your people that no treaty will be made so damaging to their interests as your statement indicates this would be."

In the affairs of his home city, he played an important part. A man of wide experience and sound judgment, his advice was often sought by his fellow-citizens. In every movement set on foot for the betterment of the community, he was found in the front rank. At the time of his death, the local papers said of him:

> "The news of Mr. Donahue's sudden illness and death was received everywhere with the most profound sorrow; for, coupled with the admiration which his life and service have compelled, there was in his large-hearted and whole-souled personality a charm to which everybody yielded. Few men in public life would be as sincerely missed and mourned as he will be." (Courier-Gazette.)
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> "Mr. Donahue was highly and deservedly esteemed in this city and was emphatically a good and useful citizen. He was closely identified with the business life of the city and its public affairs and was personally liked by all. He was loyal in his friendships and

courteous and considerate in his treatment of those with whom he was led to differ in any matter. He will be sadly missed and long and kindly remembered." (Rockland Opinion.)

But the highest encomium that can be passed upon him is that he was a model Catholic. Far from thinking his prominence in state or city affairs entitled him to any privileges in matters religious, he felt that it imposed on him stricter obligations—especially that of giving good example. He had the utmost respect for Church authority and for those chosen to exercise it. His faith was simple and childlike. Every Sunday found him in his place at Mass. Although a very busy man, he managed to attend the meetings of the Holy Name Society of which he was a valued member. He was also a Fourth Degree Member of the Knights of Columbus and a charter member of the Maine Catholic Historical Society in the doings of which he was keenly interested.

His funeral took place in St. Bernard's Church, Wednesday morning, March 4th, and was one of the largest ever held in Rockland. Every walk in life was represented. Solemn High Mass of Requiem was celebrated by the Pastor, Rev. James A. Flynn, assisted by Frs. Murnane and Kenely. In his sermon at the conclusion of the Mass, Father Flynn sketched the life of the deceased and drew some edifying lessons therefrom. The eulogy ended with this prayer of the Church, which found an echo in every heart: "May his place be this day in peace and his abode in Holy Sion."

Mr. Donahue is survived by his wife, formerly Miss Catherine McDonald of Thomaston, and one daughter, Mrs. Adam Cole, both residents of Rockland.

Historical and Magazine Notes

Both clergy and laity unite in welcoming the chief pastor of our Diocese home from his "Ad Limina" visit to the Holy See. Bishop Walsh was the first of the American Bishops to arrive in Rome and is now the first to return from this year's official visit to the Eternal city.

As has been suggested in the article on "Fonts of American Catholic History" appearing in this issue of our Diocesan magazine, we shall be very grateful for any data or documents connected with the early history of the Church in our State, and beg to assure the owners of the same that any such entrusted to the Maine Catholic Historical Magazine will be carefully treasured, and returned to the owners as soon as published.

His Grace Archbishop Christe of Portland, Oregon, while recently at Notre Dame, Ind., is reported to have said that he would promise any ecclesiastical student who would join his diocese a parish containing 10,000 square miles. This is certainly territory enough to satisfy the most ambitious, but when we consider what the faithful covering of such a parish means to an zealous priest, one may be well appalled at the long rides and never ending fatigue which would be his lot, in his effort to reach the few Catholic families frequently scattered over such an extensive parish.

For a long time, in different states of the Union efforts have been made to establish legislation which would guarantee to every worker, particularly adult women, a living wage. The constitutionality of the minimum wage law was questioned in the State of Oregon, and taken to the Supreme court which on the 17th of March gave a decision that the State had a perfect right to interfere with the wage contract in private business and to require the payment of a living wage as a condition of employing experienced adult women workers. The chairman of the Industrial Welfare Commission is the Rev. Father O'Hara of the Cathedral, Portland, Oregon, who was one of several eminent economists charged with drafting this law, and who for about two years has been busied with its enforcement and the obtaining of the recent judicial decision.

The mixed marriage question is always with us, in fact is so common that one hardly knows which way to turn in order to avoid its constant occurrence.

Without doubt parents as a rule are to blame for allowing these associations which only too frequently lead to such unfortunate results. There is hardly a priest who has had but a few years' experience that cannot go back over his short career and place his finger on several of these ill-assorted unions where parties of different religions, or Catholic and no religion at all came before him to give utterance to those promises which were to last until death but which were soon blighted by the inevitable misunderstandings and disagreements practically always sure to follow such unfortunate alliances. He may perhaps presume to ask some one whom he has for years had in mind, some poor foolish Catholic girl who years ago said to him "If you do not marry me, I will go outside the Church and get married," would you, after your experience, do different if you had your life to live again?

Many a time perhaps in after years she had come to him for encouragement in the bearing of burdens which had become almost intolerable, in striving to do her Christian work alone, with the example of her infidel or non-Catholic husband constantly before her children. He would find his question invariably answered in the negative: "If I had it to do over again, I would not do it."

The April number of "The Missionary" comes to hand, its pages as usual filled with glowing accounts of the progress of our Holy Faith not only in the United States but in the English speaking countries beyond the seas. For a number of years, the Romeward tendency has, as every one knows, been very marked, and many eminent members of the established church, finding their position untenable, have sought and found rest in Rome.

A prominent question has recently been treated in the "Church Times" a leading Anglican Journal in a remarkable article which has been well summed up by that excellent Catholic paper "The Catholic Standard and Times" under date of March 28th, 1914.

"This movement is real. It began many years ago, and it was in full tide before it was definitely perceived. It has never ceased. There are superficial disturbances of the water, ripples of waves which cause an appearance of contrary movement. Single vessels and whole convoys manage with a considerable head of steam, or by skillfully setting their sails for transient breezes, to make headway against the current. But the movement of the deep is unbroken it may well be called drift. This movement is not the work of the leaders, of organization, of

calculated policy. Supercilious critics call attention to the lack of intellectual distinction among those most concerned in it. They say the movement has thrown up no great writers, no masters of thought. Nothing could be more true, if it be meant that such men have not taken charge, or lent their force to accelerate the movement. But they are carried in the drift. It is oceanic and none can escape its influence. Even those who stem the tide are affected by it; their course is a combination of its onward sweep and their own proper motion.

We are content. For in the force directing the mass we recognize the hand of God. We are therefore not much troubled about superficial or local disturbances, eddies and backwaters. Individual influences may cause these, and they may appear to individual observers vastly important. The deep drift goes on. Its true character and its direction are being recognized. It is bearing the Church of England onwards—not a mere party in the Church or groups of individuals, but the whole Church—towards the full enjoyment of those Catholic beliefs and practices which the Church of Rome, for all its faults and errors has never lost. In that sense we have no objection to saying that the movement is Romeward. And it is a drift, a massive movement independent of human wills."

While the writer seems to derive much satisfaction from this Romeward movement, he seems however to quietly imply that it means only the taking of the good things possessed by Rome. not the entire acceptance of her supremacy in matters of Faith, but the fact is that while many may for a time be in a way satisfied with the so called high church practices, the majority will eventually find their way into the one true fold.

The Cathedral of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Baltimore, Md.